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## THE STORY OF BARNABY LEE.

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### CHAPTER I.

#### THE ENGLISH CABIN-BOY.

It was the year 1664, and the day was the 1st of April according to the reckoning of the Julian calendar.

The raw shores of the New World lay stretched along the gray Atlantic, with the new day lying half awake upon their forested hills.

There had been a sea change in the night, and across the low white sand-hills of Long Island the south wind blew in from the sea with a tune like that of a shepherd's pipe; and all the little weathercocks on the peaked roofs of New Amsterdam, when they heard that wind in their curly tails, as it hurried over the ridge-poles, turned with a shrill and coppery creaking, and stared, as if with one accord, across the bay.

The sentinel, too, in his coat of buff leather and his morion of battered steel, who stood on the bastion of the fort above the wash of the rising tide, turned like the copper weathercocks, and, with one hand above his eyes,

looked steadfastly away over the shimmering, shining waves.

For out of the south, at the break of day, rising sharply through the shadows, had come a tilted square of brown, that waxed and broadened on the view, grew near and clear, until it stood distinct, advancing steadily—the topsail of an incoming ship which winged a course both fast and free before the breeze.

Passing the stretches of Sandy Hook at the first gleam of dawn, she had come about as the purple headlands arose before her in the west, and laid her course northward through the bay that reached away before her bow.

She was evidently a stranger, and unfamiliar with the channel, for in the horns of her fore-top crosstrees hung a lookout, shrewdly watching the water ahead as she drove along her path. He was a yellow-skinned, uncanny rogue with long black hair tied back from his brow in a crimson cloth, and with silver rings like crescent moons seesawing in his ears.

From time to time he shouted to the helmsman below as they went driving onward, for they were now upon short soundings, and the

dark blue of the deep sea had turned to yellow-green and gray with color from the shifting sands.

Yet, though a stranger to the course, and unacquainted with the bay, the strange ship spun upon her keel as careless as a school-boy's top, and sped away as if her seams were calked with self-assurance.

She was a flute-ship, short and broad, with bows as bluff as a walnut-hull, a high fore-castle, towering stern, and a swell amidships like a bowl. Her weather-beaten hulk was black; her high poop green, with lettering of tarnished gold and dingy scrolls along her quarters. Her masts were made of southern pine, as yellow as an orange, and all her canvas was old and brown, except a white, new jib. At her mainmast-head a wind-jack struggled in the breeze.

To judge from her general careless air, the vessel was a trading coaster. Her well-worn gangways were mud-tracked; her hatches were fouled by unstowed freight; her bulwarks were battered and scraped and banged; and at her side her splintered fenders, carelessly dangling, sloshed along through the yeasty foam like the broken wings of a water-fowl. Yet there was in her look a something that was not all coast-trader; for, though her muddied anchor-chains betrayed the frequent harbor, she wore in her easy-going sweep the freedom of the seas. Somehow she seemed to hail direct from nowhere in particular; or, if one pleased to have a choice, from anywhere at all.

Upon her forward deck was geared a short six-pounder cannon; on her poop a four-pound saker was mounted in a swivel; and in the hollow waist below were two long culverins of brass and a murdering-gun mounted amidships so as to cover both her gangways. Even in those troubled times, when honest merchantmen had need to go both armed and able to defend their own, an array like this was not the hall-mark of peaceable coast-trading.

What was more, she was heavily overmanned. She had in her full thirty men besides the cook's knave and the cabin-boy; and over-crewing such as this bespoke some rash adventure.

Whence she had come was hard to tell; what

she was, was harder; and what her errand here might be, was an exceedingly dubious question.

The crew had all been piped on deck at the first red glimmer of the dawn. The morning watch, in dingy jackets of faded red and green, were hauling a tattered brown tarpaulin across a stack of merchandise in the waist. The cook's knave sat on a coil of cable, scraping out a pot, and the cabin-boy sat on the lower step of the poop-deck ladder staring out at the shore, with his hands clasped about his knees.

His face was thin and his cheeks were hollow, although he was anything but starved. There are in the world things that a boy may crave besides merely his daily bread. His eyes ran hungrily along the distant shore, following the undulating line of the tree-tops, out of the valleys and over the hills, and climbing the forested promontories that jutted out into the sea. His look was at once both wistful and yearning.

"There are trees there," he said, "and dirt and stones, and rocks with moss on 'em, and green brakes; and water-brooks and sheep-walks, and burrows for the conies, and marshes where the bitterns be! Ay, there 's birds, robin-redbreasts and throstles, and little brown hens that lay white eggs. There 's apples growing in orchards; and strawberry-vines in the meadows; and hives of bees in plaited straw standing under the hedge-rows!"

His voice was eager and trembling, and he twisted the fingers of one hand in the fingers of the other. "And there 's cows—ay, brown-eyed bossies, and girls to milk them into a piggin. Oh, I can hear them singing in the twilight by the byre!"

As he spoke a far-off melody seemed to come floating through the wind. It may have been, and probably was, nothing more than the harp-like humming of the shrouds. Yet, as he heard it, he struck his hands together in a sort of ecstasy.

"Oh," he whispered breathlessly, "there! They are singing now."

The mate leaned over the poop-deck rail with an angry scowl on his ugly face.

"Bear a hand, you good-for-nothing gromet!" he bellowed. "Bear a hand, there; do ye hear? Lively, now! Don't

sulk with me: I'll cat your back to fiddle-strings!"

The cabin-boy sprang up and ran across the deck, limping a little as he ran.

"If ever I come ashore again!" he panted. "Oh, if ever I come ashore again!"

A sailor kneeling upon the deck, hitching the end of a rope around a cleat, looked up from the corner of his squinting eye.

"What's the matter with you," he said, "that you're so wild for shore? Hang me, there's too many shores a-fencing in the sea. If it had n't 'a' been for the cursed shores a-getting in my way, I'd 'a' been in China long ago, picking up pearls."

"Like enough," replied the cabin-boy, as if he had not heard at all, or had not cared to hear; "but it's been four years since I was ashore, and that is a long, long time."

"Long?" laughed the sailor. "What? four year? Ye don't call four year a long time? Just wait till ye come to hang your bones on Execution Dock! Four year won't seem nigh so long."

"It's long enough for me now," cried the boy. "Ay, 't is long enough and to spare!"

"Well," said the sailor, carelessly, "don't fret your ship in the gale. Stow your jib, and bide your time. Every dog shall have his day. By George! that's what I say, says I: Every dog shall have his day."

A passionate look of despair crept over the boy's thin face. "Please God," he cried out bitterly, "I should like to have mine now!"

The sailor, still kneeling on the deck, looked narrowly at the cabin-boy.

"You are n't just right in the head, my jo," said he. "That's what's the matter with you."

And, in truth, the boy was a melancholy and singular-looking young rogue. His eyes were black and his cheeks discolored by some cruel blow. His hands were stained with tar and paint, but his sinewy wrists were slender, and where his gaudily figured shirt lay open upon his breast, the skin showed white and fair. He wore no stockings, although it was quite cold, so his legs below the knee were bare; and on his feet he wore sandals of sail-cloth, bound with plaited canvas thongs.

A sash of faded crimson silk, with torn gold lace upon it, was awkwardly knotted around his waist, and through it was thrust a long, straight knife.

He was slightly built, and exceedingly thin, but trim and straight as an arrow. He carried his head with a graceful air that was closely akin to pride, and his eyes, although blackened, were very bright. His lips were firm, and in their corners still lingered the traces of a boyish smile. He might have been sixteen, not more, but his face looked older. Its expression of passionate resolution and sadness was old beyond his years.

The sailors ran here and there about him, but he little heeded what they did or where they went. He stood an alien among them. He did not seem to care. An apathy was upon him in which nothing seemed to matter much, yet he whispered bitterly to himself, "Four years! It is a long, long time!" and turning with a weary sigh, went limping slowly up the deck.

The sun was now well up. The shores were drawing nearer.

To starboard stretched a broken coast of sandy rills and marshy islands, glimmering under a wooded upland. To leeward sprang a steep, bold shore of frosty hills and valleys, checkered here and there by bare brown fields and little clearings. The forests came down the edge of the water, their borders purpled with wild raspberry thickets: in the leafless boughs of the gnurly oaks along the stony slope the ancient grape-vines hung like ropes upon a frigate's masts. Along the broad, white, sandy beach under the edge of the purple wood, on a sudden a herd of deer went bounding straight through the deep of a reedy marsh whose waters splashed like a silver rain around them.

The cabin-boy limped forward, staring out across the rail, and rubbing his numbly aching wrists. His hands were blue with the cold.

His whole heart longed to be ashore. He hated the ship beneath him. The sea, which seemed a fairyland to many a lad ashore, to him was a world of grief and pain, from which he was weary with longing to be free. Its enchantment was a mocking lie. He hated

the long, green, slanting waves which foamed and rolled behind them. For four long years he had sailed the New World's rugged coast and never set foot ashore; his world was become but a wandering ship, whose pent space of lurching decks and swinging masts were his only hillside fields and groves. Mauled by the captain and the mate, by turns or by both together, as they chanced to be in drink, the butt of all the sailors, helpless, friendless, and alone, what wonder that the boy's heart yearned for even the touch of the old brown earth, where trees may grow, flowers bloom, birds build nests and men have fixed abodes?

"God never made the sea a home for anything but fish," he said, and raised his thin hand to his face with a gesture of despair. The crosstrees swayed against the sky; the dark yards stretched out black and gaunt and grim. The dangling ropes upon them seemed like a tangling web around him.

"Oh, daddy," he said, with a choking voice, "oh, daddy, why did ye never come back to me?"

## CHAPTER II.

### THE THREE PICAROONS.

ON the flute-ship's towering poop-deck the captain stood, leaning against the rail. His restless eyes roamed among the drawing sails. He was a tall man and swarthy, with a frame inclining to spareness, and bore himself in a headstrong, domineering way that marked him a leader among his kind. He was dressed in an ordinary sailor's garb, of stuff neither better nor worse than that worn by the commonest seaman. Nothing marked him for a chief but his masterful demeanor. His nose was hooked like a parrot's beak; his look combined both shrewdness and daring; but his eyes and the narrow mouth under his nose were not only false, but were villainous too. Beside him, standing by the rail, were the sailing-master and the mate. The latter was a bull-necked scoundrel with a voice as hoarse as an iron horn. He wore a sailor's turban made of a yellow handkerchief, from under which his short black hair hung curling in oily, unkempt rings along his sunburnt forehead.

The stalwart sailing-master would have been

a hard man to match—six feet tall, long of leg, brawny-shouldered, deep-chested. His stubbly red hair and bristling beard made his brown face look like an old reaped field in which lay two gray, quiet pools, and across which his broad mouth drew a crimson furrow. His great shoulders stretched his old jacket of green; his belt was as broad as a horse's girth; in it were thrust two daggers with Brazil stones in their hilts. With one of these daggers he wrought and fought; the other he kept for company. As he stood there on the poop-deck, beside the weather-rail, his long legs planted wide apart, his huge red hands carelessly forked across his swaying hips, he looked as if a hogshead of sugar might have been bowled at him in vain.

The sailors, as they hurried about the waist below, were chanting hoarsely a wild song which the cook led from the door of the galley in a most distressing voice:

"I never sunk an English ship,  
But Turk and King of Spain;  
Likewise the blackguard Dutchmen  
I met upon the main,  
Go tell the King of England,  
Go tell him this from me:  
If he reigns king of all the land,  
I will reign king at sea!"

"By glory, I will, or my name is not King!" said the captain, turning to the sailing-master with a sparkle in his eye.

"All right," said the sailing-master. "I never said ye would n't. *Be as may be* 's all I said. Cock-sure 's a pretty bird. But they stopped the 'San Beninio,' and they made a pack of monkeys of Will Trevor and his crew."

"Hang Will Trevor and his crew!" said the captain. "Is the 'Ragged Staff' a mussel-boat like the San Beninio? Why, blight me green, man, you talk as if you were afeard of a web-footed Dutchman!"

"All right," rejoined the sailing-master, steadily. "Suppose I be afeard? You ought to know. I ha' sailed with ye. I think I ha' mostly took my own part. I be no swine for fighting, nor am I eager for bloody death; a common bunk at fourscore is good enough for me. But that 's not what I 'm driving at. Will they stop us, do ye think?"



"Stop us? Stop who? Me—John King? Oh, yes; I'm a pig in a country lane, that any addled loon can stop. I've come here after a load of stops! That crew looks ripe for stoppage; now, don't it? Blight me green!"

Leaning back against the rail, the captain swept a keen glance forward.

On the forecastle, where the whistling wind came down from the foresail with a rush, the crew were gathered in a group. Some played a game on the deck with a pack of greasy cards. The others, standing, beat their arms across their brawny chests, and growled like surly dogs together. Most of them wore knitted shirts and jackets of crimson cloth, with gaudy handkerchiefs loosely knotted around their necks. Their faces were tanned to the color of leather, and their arms were blue with tattooing. Some wore pistols in their belts, and all had sheath-knives at their breasts. Their teeth shone through their beards as they talked, and they looked far more like a pack of wolves than like a good ship's crew.

"If they try to stop *me*," quoth John King, "they will catch a hurricane by the tail."

"All right," replied the sailing-master, quietly. "Don't ye argufy with me. I be no hand at an argument. I ships to sail a boat. Be as may be, I takes my own part, and shares the upshot wi' the rest; but I ha' seen 'em as smart as you, John, rattling like dry sheepskins on the wrong end of the rope. These Dutch traders may be web-footed, but, you mark what I say, they can swim to a purpose."

"Let 'em swim!" said the captain, with a gesture of contempt, and turning with an angry face, he fell to conning the sails. Then suddenly he turned again to where the sailing-master stood, and, smiting the rail with his clenched fist, he cried out wrathfully, "Will ye just look at that young jack-fool? What has got into him now?"

The sailing-master turned and looked. Half-way up to the main-crosstrees, the cabin-boy clung in the larboard shrouds, staring out at the passing shore as if he were fascinated.

"Od sling me! Look at his face!" said the mate. "I see a man look that way once, and afterward I heard he run mad and died."

"Died?" cried King. "There 's no such luck. He would n't die to please ye."

"Well, he 's fay," said the mate, "that 's what he is; what luck can ye look for? 'T is ill luck carrying folk that be fay aboard of any ship. What came to pass when Jonah shipped from Joppa down to Tarshish?"

"Oh, plague on Jonah and the whale!" interjected the sailing-master. "The lad 's not fay, nor will he die; he 's not the kind that dies. Look at the build of him, by hen! I guess I know his breed—as slim and lean and as clean as a greyhound, and a face on him like a tombstun marble! Nay, bully, he 'll not die, nor neither is he fay. He 'll see your toes pointing at the stars all down amongst the daisies."

"He has caught a sniff of the land," snarled King, "and just as sure as he smells land he 's as mad as a hatter."

"And that is as true as the Book o' Jack," assented the sailing-master. "He were fetching my breakfast awhile ago, when he caught a whiff of the offshore breeze. He dropped the collops on the deck, and flung up his head with a snort. 'If ever I come ashore,' quo' he, 'oh, if ever I come ashore!' 'If ever ye come ashore,' quo' I, 'ye 'll be hanged for a picaroon.' What d' ye think he said to me? 'I 'd rather be hanged on shore,' quo' he, 'than float ten thousand year!' 'Tis exactly what he said to me. I 'll take my oath upon it. 'You misbetaken gromet, I will break ye in two,' says I, and drew back my hand to fetch him a wipe—for those shipwrecked collops smelled passing gay! But he just stood up and looked at me, and never wavered a hair. 'Now, strike him or lie,' quoth I to myself. 'Tom Scarlett, strike him or lie!' But, 'pon my word o' rectitude, when I looked at that gromet's face, I could n't 'a' struck him a finger-flip had it 'a' cost me twenty joe! 'Liar ye be,' quo' I to myself; 'a most pernicious liar!' But strike him I could n't, nay, not to save my soul. He never flinched a hair."

"By granny, I can make him flinch!" growled the mate. "D' ye mark the eyes I put on him? By granny, he 'll dodge for me."

"All right," rejoined the sailing-master,

quietly shrugging his brawny shoulders; "I ha' never said he would n't. But I ha' yet to see him dodge for you or for any man. I ha' seen a young springal with a face like his look up at the executioner, and make the headsman shut both eyes afore he dared to strike. 'T is a quality runneth in the blood when men be thoroughbred."

"A blight upon his quality," snarled John King. "I would I were shut of him."

"Why don't ye drop him overboard, then?" said the mate, with a sulky growl. "I've advised with ye to do it a half a dozen times. A man is a fool to wear a wart, I say, when there is a cure so handy."

"Don't call me a fool, Jack Glasco," said the captain. "If a man be paid to wear warts, he'd be a fool to cure 'em. If I choose to wear warts for other men, what business is it of yours? There's greater fools than them that wear warts. There's fools that stick their meddling thumbs in other people's pie."

"They takes 'em out again, John King," said the sailing-master, calmly. "They takes 'em out again straightway. Your plums be werry bad."

"I don't take mine out," growled the mate; "and a murrain on your plums! Who is the gromet, anyway, that we should cherish him? What right has he to these respects?"

John King turned to the master's mate.

"Look here," he said, "I warned ye once to attend your own affair. Do ye want that I should warn ye twice?" There was an ugly look in his eye.

"Oh, no, John," hastily stammered the mate. "Indeed, John, truly I don't." And he laid his hand on the captain's arm in an ingratiating way. "But, John, now, marry, look ye, John," and he swallowed hard at a lump in his throat, "the knave will slip a venom in the soup some day."

"Oh, quits!" said the sailing-master. "Ye act like two old tom-cats: 'Fizz-zz! miaouw! —and the dickens to pay!' What's the good of it? One says 'Spit!' t' other 'Spat!' that's all it ever comes to. I think you'd come to sense. I don't care who the gromet is, nor what John King does with him here; but there's one thing I do know. He'll never

poison soup. Not he, by hen! That's not his sort; the lad's a thoroughbred. Nay, Jack, he'll leave the ratsbane to you and Captain King."

The captain turned with a flushing face; and with a roar, "You call me a poisoner?" he cried.

The sailing-master looked at him. "Well, now, suppose I did?" His hands were set upon his hips, and his head was cocked upon one side, his cool gray eyes watching the captain. "Do ye think ye can daunt me with your face or frighten me with your thunder? Bah!" he said, with a sudden touch of unexpected fire. "Do ye think that I fear to break ye in two like a scouring-rush where ye stand? I never said I'd do it; but you mark my words, John King, some day, when we're not sober, we will come to hand-grips yet. I be a slow-natured man, nor quick to wrath; but I give ye a fair warning. Don't ye rouse me, for when the old Adam b'ileth up I be as heady as an elephant that weareth of his teeth outside and sporteth tails both fore and aft. And mark me, John," he continued, with a cold blaze in his eyes, "if ever we come to that happy day, there'll be somebody wishing he never was born, and it won't be 'yours dutiful,' neither."

King laid his hand on his pistol, his countenance flaming with fury. Yet, as he stared up into the unmoved face of the stalwart sailing-master, something stayed his frenzy. Twice his hand thrilled with a deadly impulse, then his whole look changed.

"Glasco, what, there! Blight me green!" he said, with a harsh, forced laugh, and showing his teeth like a beaten hound, he turned to the master's mate. "Here is a gromet ye cannot cow. Don't ye want to try it on?"

The mate leaned back against the rail with a grin of satisfaction.

"No," said he; "that's not my pie. Ye've put your own fingers into it; go on and eat your plums."

"Ware shoal!" shrieked the lookout. "Hard a-starboard. Jam her down!"

"Jam she is!" said the helmsman. The flute-ship whirled upon her keel. High piped the wind; the white spray sang; the

bold blue headlands swept astern. To right, east the cloudy oaks on the forest-covered hills were turned to lattices of gold by the bay in which the fleets of all the world might then have found safe harbor. The air was filled with snow-white gulls; brown, wide-winged ospreys wheeled dizzily o'erhead. Along the west a vast, wild fen stretched measureless, rimming the wilderness. Off to the



sun. Down from the lookout came a new hail, and this with a sharper, more vehement ring: "Port, ho! Port, ho! The Dutchmen be in sight!"

With the foresail's cutaway, the picture in a frame, upon a point of land five miles beyond their prow, stood a little shining city. Its frosty gables glistened like bright crystals in the sunlight, and above them a pale-blue cloud of smoke drifted slowly away across the sky.

The peaked roofs from which the frost had thawed were red and green and blue; in the yellow walls below them the many tiny windows flashed.

So very small and so crystal-clear the little town lay clustered there, it seemed to be a toy town from a land of make-believe.

To the left a wide green river

"BEAR A HAND, YOU GOOD-FOR-NOTHING GROMET!" HE BELLOWED."

came spreading to meet the sea; to the right a green uncertainty of dancing waters rippled. Behind the town stood a wooded hill; against its purple dome arose a dark-red windmill tower, whose slow-revolving sails shimmered and fluttered in the sun like the trembling wings of a dragon-fly.

A stir ran over the flute-ship, a quick, impetuous thrill. The crew drew closer together, and the quarrel upon the poop-deck ceased; for this was the stronghold of the Dutch, the city of New Amsterdam.

As they drove on they could discern the ships that lay at anchor in the roads, and make out goods piled on the wharves in bales and casks; there were pipes of wine, hogsheads of sugar, firkins of butter, and tuns of oil, huge round copper-fast butts of rum, and trundles of leaf-tobacco.

The houses were of brick and stone; the windows were cased in lead; the framework was wrought of the stoutest oak. It was no toy town. Then a long breath ran through the Ragged Staff, and the grim sailors set their teeth.

Close by the western waterside, and facing upon the channel, the walls of an earthen fort arose, four-square, dun-colored, ragged with grass, reinforced with bastions where its angles jutted out, the bastions faced with cut gray-stone.

Within its walls there stood a tall roof, two-peaked like the letter M, and with a belfry-tower rising between the twin ridge-poles.

On the farther bastion was a windmill, dim in a cloud of flour, its one black window staring down the harbor like an eye. On the nearer bastion was a flagstaff, up which a flag was swiftly leaping to the truck. As they watched they heard hoarse, distant shouting; saw men come running from below with morions and breastplates gleaming bright in the sun.

There was a brazier on the rampart; the smoke curled up from it. Along the walls, like candle-flames, they could see the grim brass cannon shining.

John King drew out his flintlock pistols and stirred their priming-pans. "We shall soon

see whether I 'll pass or not!" he said, with flashing eyes.

### CHAPTER III.

#### A STARTLING CANNON-SHOT.

At the dawn of that fair first day of April, New Amsterdam lay dreaming between the rivers which washed her sides. The night stars still were shining, and the earth was hushed and gray, but the waking cocks were crowing bravely, and the eastern sky was touched with light.

"It is a fine spring morning," said the night watch, and with that they blew out their lanterns and went trudging homeward through the lanes among the cabbage-patches.

The day broke cold and clear and bright. The higher tree-tops caught the glory of the sun. The crows began their clamor in the edges of the forest, or in long files, high overhead, flapped westward to the mainland. The burghers of the town awoke, yawned, stretched, arose and dressed themselves, and having duly breakfasted and filled their long clay pipes, went straight about their business in the city.

The breakfast smoke still lingered in the chimneys of the town, and the leaden hoarfrost still defined the shadows on the ground, but the red sun had run its course an hour up the heavens, and the bustle of the new day ceased in quiet.

In Metje's Wessel's tavern by the waterside, where the drowsy sailors slowly drained their pewter mugs, it was so still that one could almost hear the needles click as Juffrouw Metje knitted by the fireside.

Suddenly there came a crash that sent the echoes flying from the finger-post at Copsey Hook to the gray sand-hills where clear Minnetta-water ran.

"Hei!" cried the sailors, dropping their mugs.

"Where?" gasped Metje, dropping her knitting.

"Fizz-zz-zz!" said the cat, and flew under the cupboard, her tail swelled as big as a blacking-brush.

The brewer's boy in Stony Street was hoisting a sack of malt to the loft. "Heigh-ho!" he cried. "My faith! what 's that? Why, bless my heart, 't was a cannon-shot!"

In his astonishment he slipped his hold upon the hoisting-tackle. Down rushed the sack.

"Thou *dom-kop!*" roared the overseer, from the storage-loft above. "What 's that to thee? Hoist up the sack; we have no time to spare."

But the apprentice was gone, the sack was down. The overseer followed.

Mynheer Johannes Van Hoorn had just climbed up to his lofty office stool. "What 's that?" he cried, as the thundering crash made the lead-cased windows rattle in the wall. "What 's that, I say? Guns? *Donderslag!*" and he dropped two gilders on the floor. "Pick them up, Jan; pick them up!" he sputtered, bouncing down from the stool. "Heida! there it is again! Oh, my great-uncle Christopher!" and forgetting his copper-buckled shoes that stood behind the office door, he dashed out into the Winckel Street, wiping his pen upon what he supposed to be his long black coat-tail; it happened to be his best silk handkerchief, but that is no matter now. "Guns!" he shouted at the door of Mynheer Cornelis Van Brugh. "They are shooting guns like anything! Oh, my great-uncle Christopher!" For again the sound of that thumping gun came rolling over the town. Away went Mynheer Van Hoorn, his gold-rimmed spectacles all askew, his quill-pen waving in the air, and his leather slippers clacking on the cobbles as he ran.

Mynheer Van Brugh laid down his pen and looked up from his long accounts.

"My soul and body, what a waste!" he groaned, wringing his skinny hands. "Ten pounds of powder at a crack; and ach! how gunpowder costs!"

But "Fire!" cried Goosen Van Bommel, the chief of the volunteers, and hurling his ladder against the house, he went scrambling up to see where the smoke arose the thickest. All the smoke that he could see as he clambered along the ridge-pole came out of his own chimney-pot, almost under his nose. "Aha! I will put that out so soon!" he cried triumphantly, and emptied his bucket down the flue. There came a shriek from below, for Goosen's wife was baking bread! Down tumbled Goosen Van Bom-

mel. Thump, bump! he rolled along the roof; thump, bump! the flying echoes rumbled.

Down the wind there came once more the thunder of the cannon; and suddenly, as if replying to it, farther off, and faint but sullen, another cannon-shot resounded, and at that instant in the town a heavy bell began to ring, until the thin air trembled with the reverberating din.

Klang, kling-klang! Thump-bump! thump-bump! the echoes banged and rumbled. Tousled heads came popping out at a hundred rattling windows; gray-haired gaffers tottered forth in their woolen-stockinged feet; housewives cackled on the stoops; grandams cried, "God keep us!" and the shock-headed children, on their way to the little gray dominie's school, turned and ran for home again in short, fat-legged fright. It was the wild men come again, with horrid butchery, or the pirates from the east shore where the fires were at night; or, worst of all,—their hearts stood still at the thought,—it was the bloody Duke of Alva risen from the dead, and, with the demon Spaniards out of their nightmares, falling upon the town. With one accord the children turned and fled for home.

The cannon now had taken on an ugly, spiteful sound, like dogs that bark defiance at one another across a ditch, and through the market-field came a sound of running, and of a hoarse voice shouting, "To the fort!" Up the crooked street came Johan Vos, the burly messenger, waving his official staff and shouting, "Ho, ye burghers! To the fort, or pay the penalty!"

"What says he? To the fort? Oh, hei! How can we leave our shops?" they cried. "But the penalty—three gilders? *Ach, neen;* we 'll to the fort!" And away they went all toward the market-field, their shop doors banging behind them; and on went the messenger, shouting. From every direction now came the sound of running feet. From highways, byways, lanes, and alleys, the people came hurrying down through the town, and dashed, panting, into the market-field.

There, on slightly rising ground, stood Fort Amsterdam, staring across the bay, like a



huge, brown-bodied spider on the margin of its web, aroused from heavy slumber by some witless, blundering fly, and ready to spring upon its prey.

But the only fly the burghers could see, as they hurried down through the market-field to the narrow beach below the fort, was a heedless, headlong, ominous thing with an ugly air of its own; for there in the offing, beyond the reefs which hedged Manhattan Island, a strange ship lay, hove to upon the tide, her dark hull rimmed with yellow foam where the curt waves beat upon her rolling sides. Her brown sails flapped and slatted in the wind, and across the water, on the shifting gusts, came the rattle of her rigging and the hoarse calling of the sailors as they braced her yards about.

There she drifted to and fro like a huge, uncertain bird, the heads of her crew, like dark round balls, running along her rail. The tide was almost at the flood, yet still was running strong, and, through the eddy at Copsey Hook, a shallop was seen to be putting off from shore.

A hush fell upon the crowd. They stood there, staring anxiously. No man knew what had transpired, nor yet what should betide.

Then, suddenly, on the silence, like the beating of a drum, there rose a sound of running feet inside the fort's quadrangle. From the open market-field a boy came running through the wide north gate across the deserted square. His bright-red monkey jacket gleamed in the sunlight, and under his jacket his knit shirt of wool stared like a black-and-yellow grate. His stockings were of yellow yarn, and his legs were as stout as two small trees. His breeches of

brown-gray duffles had a most amazing slack, and his wooden shoes thumped loudly as he ran. His hair was the color of Archangel flax, and on his head he wore a red Rouen cap with a tasseled tip that dangled down upon the side and fluttered in the air.

He scudded along the windowed row which faced the deserted parade until he came to a house built of dark glazed brick, with a tall, narrow chimney at each end, and a flight of wooden steps before its door. Pausing a moment, breathless, he leaned against the stoop, and then, with a sharp, clear voice, cried, "What, there, Dorothy!" Then, again, "Dorothy, Dorothy Van!" he called, and beat on the stoop with his shoe. "Come quickly forth. An English ship is putting us to shame!"

A bright face gleamed for an instant at the curtained window. Light footfalls hurried across the floor within. The knocker rattled, the door swung wide, and a slender, blue-eyed, fair-haired girl came running down the steps.

"An English ship?" she exclaimed, excitedly flushing. "Oh, Dirck, will there be war?"

"Who knows?" cried the boy. "As like as not; or a battle, which is much the same. The English are an evil lot. Up quickly, that we may see."

Across the empty quadrangle they ran, and up the ragged path, zigzag along the grassy wall. Upon the crest of the rampart lay a rotting gabion filled with earth; on this the boy sprang and stood staring.

"Heida! see them row!" he cried.

The shallop had passed the foaming reefs, and was heading straight for the stranger.

(To be continued.)



NEW YORK IN 1665.

# In New Amsterdam



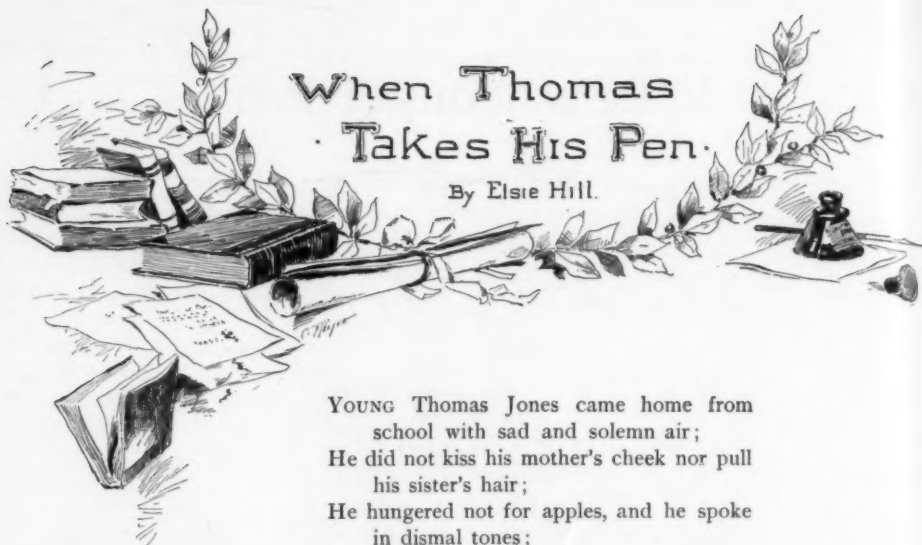
BY MARY VAN DERBURGH.

PETRIUS, Deitrick, and little Jan  
Were all the sons of a stout Dutch Van.  
Annetje, Tryntje, and Betticoo,  
These were all his daughters, too.  
In the happy month of May  
Forth they wander, blythe and gay,  
Through the groves and meadows flowery,  
Till they reach the famous Bouerie.  
There each little man and woman  
Gathers the sweet "pinksterblumen."  
Cheeks like roses from their walk,  
In their arms the fragrant stalk,  
In their gowns a "winklehawk,"\*  
Home they hasten in the gloaming,  
Where the good vrouw waits their coming,  
Tucks them in their trundle-beds,  
Crooning soft above their heads:

\* A "winklehawk" in a gown is a tear like this: 7

*"Trip a trop a tronjes,  
De varkens in de boonjes,  
De keojes in de klaver,  
De paardeen in de haver,  
De cenjes in de waterplass,  
So groot mijn kleine Joris wass!"*





YOUNG Thomas Jones came home from  
school with sad and solemn air;  
He did not kiss his mother's cheek nor pull  
his sister's hair;  
He hungered not for apples, and he spoke  
in dismal tones;  
'T was very clear misfortune drear had  
happened Thomas Jones.

"My precious child," his mother cried,  
"what, *what* is troubling you?  
You're hurt—you're ill—you've failed in  
school! Oh, tell us what to do!"  
Then Thomas Jones made answer in a dull,  
despairing way:  
"I've got to write an essay on 'The  
Indian To-day.'"

They bought a set of Cooper, and they  
searched it through and through,  
While Thomas Jones sat mournfully and told  
them what to do.

His tallest sister ran to him, compassion in  
her eye;  
His smallest sister pitied him—nor knew  
the reason why;  
And all that happy family forsook its work  
and play  
To hunt up information on "The Indian  
To-day."

They read of Hiawatha and of sad Ra-  
mona's woe—  
You found encyclopedias where'er they  
chanced to go.



"I 'VE GOT TO WRITE AN ESSAY ON 'THE INDIAN TO-DAY.'"

For three whole days the library was like a moving-van. "I do not know one single thing!" that wretched child replied.

"Is Mr. Jones," each caller asked, "a literary man?" "Oh, help me, *won't* you? Don't you *care*?" Then when assistance came,



"WHILE THOMAS JONES SAT MOURNFULLY AND TOLD THEM WHAT TO DO."

And day by day more pitiful became young Thomas' plight,  
Because, alas! the more he read, the more he could not write.

"Write what you know," his mother begged (she stirred not from his side).

"Don't tell me—*don't!* It is n't *fair!*" he pleaded just the same.

The night before the fateful day was quite the worst of all.  
Black care upon the house of Jones descended like a pall.



"THE MORE HE READ, THE MORE HE COULD NOT WRITE."

All pleasure paled, all comfort failed, and  
laughter seemed a sin;  
For "Oh, to-morrow," Thomas wailed, "it  
must be handed in!"

When, lo! the voice of Great-aunt Jones  
came sternly through the door:  
"I cannot stand this state of things one  
single minute more!"

The training of a fractious child 'is plainly  
not my mission;

But—*Thomas Jones, go straight upstairs  
and write that composition!*"

And Thomas Jones went straight upstairs,  
and sat him down alone,

And—though I grant a stranger thing was  
surely never known—



"DON'T TELL ME—DON'T! IT IS N'T FAIR!"





"THOMAS JONES, GO STRAIGHT UPSTAIRS AND WRITE THAT COMPOSITION!"

In two short hours he returned serenely to display six neatly written pages on "The Indian Today"!

His teacher read them to the class, and smiled a well-pleased smile;

She praised the simple language and the calmly flowing style;

"For while," she said, "he does not rise to any lofty height,

'T is wonderful how *easily* young Thomas Jones can write."





## A FRIGATE'S NAMESAKE

By

Alice Balch Abbot.

### CHAPTER I.

**IT** WAS the last day of September, and Essex Thurston was perfectly happy, a condition of mind quite possible when one is twelve years old and the state of affairs as follows: the finest of weather, a holiday to be celebrated, a book for which one has been longing for many a day, and finally the prospect of reading the same in one's favorite nook with no fear of interruption. To go even further into particulars, during the previous night a northwest wind had cleared the sky to its most beautiful blue, and was now sweeping the remaining white clouds rapidly before its strong breath, sending the fleeting shadows chasing fast over land and sea. The holiday was the birthday of a namesake for whom Essex had such high regard that several years before she had declared her wish to receive at least one of her gifts at this season rather than at the time of her own anniversary. The gift for the present occasion had been Cooper's "Pilot," that most fascinating of sea-tales.

As for the security from interruption,—precious privilege, which no story-loving little maiden, with lessons to learn and household duties to perform, will fail to appreciate,—of course that could only have been made possible by the possession of a mother who had once been a little story-lover herself.

That morning, at the breakfast-table, when Essex's uncle Owen had inquired whether any

special form of celebration had been determined upon for the day, Mrs. Thurston, seeing the longing looks cast in the direction of the new book, had remarked:

"I was wondering how Essex would enjoy celebrating as I did on my fourteenth birthday. It happened to fall on a Saturday, and I was told that I could spend the day exactly as I wished, the expectation being, I suppose, that I would choose to go on some expedition; but, having recently finished my first of Scott's novels with all the misery of being stopped in the midst of exciting situations by the demands of lessons, dish-washing, and sewing, I did not hesitate an instant, but chose to spend the whole day reading 'The Talisman.' Commencing directly after breakfast and stopping only for dinner and supper, the story was finished a half-hour before bedtime. Do you think," turning to her daughter, "that you would enjoy making a similar experiment?"

"Can I really?" Essex had asked.

"You can and you may, as far as I am concerned. I know that Judy will be only too willing to wash the cups and glasses for you, and as it rained yesterday, I think the parlor and Uncle's room might be spared a dusting."

"Do you think I could go to the island?"

"And take your luncheon! That will be charming. Then you will be sure of no interruption. And under such very favorable circumstances, I should really think that by suppertime all the ships ought to be satisfactorily

sunk or in safety, the couples happily married or unhappily separated. If not, I suppose Uncle and I might come over with a lamp—"

"Mother, dear," and a kiss had stopped any further planning, "how do you know just what I want to do, and always let me do it?"

"Especially overhanging pillow-cases."

Essex gave a shiver. "Don't speak of the dreadful things! Do you want me to help about my luncheon?"

"Oh, no; I will see to that. You can run up and put your room in order, and by the time that is done everything will be ready for the island."

And speaking of that place brings us straightway to the last condition of Essex's state of "perfect happiness"—the favorite nook in which the new story was to be read. But no description of this nook would ever be permitted—that is, if the young woman herself had any word in the matter—without there being first given some idea of the beauties and delights of her home and its surroundings. The home in question was not her birthplace, though it had been that of her father and four successive grandfathers. Essex herself had been born in a rather uninteresting little town, in a far-away Western State, whither her father had taken his bride, expecting to remain only as long as might be necessary for the smoothing out of a business tangle. But shortly after the birth of his little daughter he had died, and his wife, unwilling to break up the little home where her brief, happy married life had been spent, had stayed on until Essex was nearly nine years old. At that time an urgent invitation had come from her husband's younger brother, asking her and her little daughter to come East and make their home with him in the old Thurston homestead in Massachusetts. And so it had come to pass that one summer's day, three years before this story begins, Mr. Owen Thurston had driven over to Eastham station to meet the afternoon train from the West.

When the decision for the removal to the East had been made, Essex, being of that turn of mind which delights in making its own discoveries, had decided not to draw upon any of her mother's previous knowledge of the

unknown uncle and his home, but, as she expressed it, "just let herself be nicely surprised"; and the few minutes necessary for the transferring of the travelers from the train to the old-fashioned carryall had been quite sufficient to convince her that the first element of her "surprise" was likely to prove a most satisfactory addition to her little life. Then had followed the first drive to her new home, the drive which even now, after three years' experience, had never failed to have its charm. Out through the one long, grass-bordered street of the sleepy New England village it led; around a sharp turn into a lane, then down through sloping meadow and orchard, and finally out upon a broad, green marsh, stretching mile upon mile far away to the distant horizon, its surface dotted here and there with tiny marsh islands, fascinating little groups of short, sturdy oaks and pines, raised slightly above the surrounding plain. From one to another of these spots the road took its way, passing at length over a long, low bridge spanning a creek of apparently greater importance than the numerous other silver ribbons playing hide-and-seek in all directions among the tall grasses of the marsh. On the further side of the bridge rose an oval green hill, at the base of which the road turned with a gradual ascent to the right.

"Is there any other way to get to our house than over this bridge?" Essex had inquired at this point in that first journey.

"None," her uncle had answered, "unless you prefer swimming or coming from the other side by—I declare, I almost spoiled part of the surprise. And, by the way, if you want a very fine experience, I should advise the covering of your eyes for the next five minutes."

Needless to say, Essex had followed this advice, and had driven the last few rods of the journey with fingers pressed closely over her eyelids. When the carriage had stopped, her uncle had lifted her to what she felt to be the veranda floor, and then turning her quickly about, had given the command, "Now, look!"

This was what she saw: a broad sweep of smooth turf, stretching down to where the

tops of a line of trees showed how steep was the fall of the land below. But beyond their wind-tossed tops rippled a broad sheet of water, almost inclosed by high bluffs of gleaming white sand; and in the opening between

sobbing breath of delight. And then Uncle Owen, quite satisfied with the success of his surprise, had laid a caressing hand on the little arm flung around his sister's neck, saying:

"Ah, I see I was not mistaken. The 'Frigate' evidently knows that she has come at last to her own."

Although Essex's thoughts had been entirely engrossed that first evening by the knowledge that the ocean lay before her door, in the days that had followed various other charms of her new home had gradually unfolded themselves. There was the house itself, with its long, low rooms, showing in corner and ceiling the great beams of the massive oak frame, that for more than a century and a half had stood unshaken before the mighty Atlantic winds; next, the great barn, with its lofty hay-mow and high-pitched roof filled with the nests of innumerable swallows, and the wide doorway, with the date "1775" above it, and the delightful fact in its history, as told by her uncle, that the frame had been obliged to wait for its covering



"FOR ONE MOMENT ESSEX HAD STOOD ABSOLUTELY MOTIONLESS."

these bluffs and above their grass-crowned summits, reaching to right and left as far as the eye could see, lay a long band of restless rolling blue, that seemed to melt into the sunset-purpled haze of the eastern sky.

For one moment Essex had stood absolutely motionless, then, turning, had laid her head down upon her mother's shoulder with a long

until master and men had finished more important work—which work was the battle of Bunker Hill! Then there was the wide field sloping far up behind the house. And when the grain was ripe, or the daisies in bloom, the little girl always loved to imagine that the waving tops actually brushed the blue sky above them. And the well! Black Judy,

no doubt, would have preferred a pump or a faucet, but Essex never grew weary of the clanking of the wheel in the top of the little house, nor of watching the bucket turn bottom side up as it reached the water's surface, nor of the drip, drip as it came slowly upward, to be brought to the curb at last with a splashing jerk, making necessary a quick jump to one side; or spattered shoes and stockings paid the penalty. But the delight of delights, always excepting the ocean, was the "little island." Essex had espied it in her first outlook from the veranda, and the following morning had made her first voyage thither. From that moment it had become her best-beloved cozy nook. It was just such another little group of rocks, dwarfed trees, and bushes as those which dotted the broad mainland, only this one was set in its rightful element, standing bravely up out of the blue waters of the bay, about a quarter of a mile from the little beach below the house.

## CHAPTER II.

THE hall clock was striking nine as Essex bounded down the slope, away through the trees, and out on to the little wharf where her uncle's cat-boat and her own especial little skiff were rocking most invitingly on the incoming tide.

Having stowed her precious new book and a bundle of blue bunting in the stern of her boat, she stepped aboard, and with the untied rope in her hand, stood waiting impatiently for the arrival of her one passenger.

Said passenger, having been intrusted with the luncheon-basket, had been making his way down the bank in a most careful and dignified manner, and now appeared, with ears bravely erect and slowly waving tail, stepping proudly out along the wharf.

Essex took the basket, stowed it under a seat, and at the command, "Aboard, 'Alert'!" the great collie stepped into the boat in as neat a manner as that of any accomplished Jack Tar.

Two minutes later, Mrs. Thurston, watching from the doorway above, saw the little craft pull out from the shelter of the shore, and

keeping watch till it had vanished around the curve of the island, only left her post when a dark-blue flag with a gleam of white lettering floated gaily out from the slender flagstaff standing up in bold relief against the background of the island oaks and pines.

Seated in her arm-chair, formed by two rocks on the seaward side of the island, in a spot where a break in the bushes gave a view out through the bay's entrance to the ocean beyond, Essex speedily left the shores of New England far behind. For had she not joined company with that matchless crew—Barnstable, Griffith, Midshipman Merry, and that noblest but most mysterious of pilots?

The sun climbed higher and higher, while the pages went steadily over, until, at length, a large shaggy paw laid upon her open book made Essex look up to meet the most beseeching expression of which a dog's eyes could be capable.

Springing to her feet, and giving herself a little shake, she exclaimed:

"You poor boy, you *shall* have your luncheon! Bring the basket—now!"

After as rapid a turn as is possible for four legs upon a two-feet-square area, Alert scrambled down the rocks at his liveliest gait, while his mistress descended to the water's edge in another direction in order to secure the large bottle of milk which had been keeping cool in a shady spot since their arrival.

There were also her own tumbler and Alert's deep saucer to be gotten from their special cubbyhole, and by the time she returned, the luncheon-basket and its escort had arrived.

The basket in question had been purchased with special reference to just such occasions as the present. It contained two compartments, and as Essex drew from the left-hand one a queerly shaped parcel wrapped in heavy brown paper, a certain pair of silky ears came forward with a jerk, and a bushy tail commenced a most vigorous tattoo on the ground.

The paper was unrolled. "Chops, Alert; is n't that fine?" Two large crackers came next, followed by a three-inch cube of stale sponge cake.

Essex gave the command, "Now, sir!" and



then—well, if any member of the dog tribe would care to engage in a contest as to the quickest time for getting on to four feet, and putting away of two huge crackers and a piece of sponge cake, it is my unbiased opinion that Alert Thurston could give him points and win.

The contents of the right-hand division of the basket gave further proof of Mrs. Thurston's skill as a commissary—a generous supply of sandwiches, part of them filled with slices



"THE LITTLE CRAFT PULLED OUT FROM THE SHELTER OF THE SHORE."

of chicken and part with Essex's favorite quince marmalade, a small glass jar containing six olives, an unusually plump cream-puff, and at the very bottom a little box of chocolate bonbons and a tiny cocked-hat note:

Will Miss Thurston please present my compliments to Master Griffith, if he is not yet a prisoner, and to Mr. Barnstable, unless he is engaged in swimming for his life, and to that nicest of middies, Master Merry, unless he is being flung overboard, also my always increasing regard and affection to Long Tom Coffin, and to that prince of pilots—by the way, what *is* his name?

The bewildering possibilities suggested in this note caused the luncheon to become a most rapid feast.

When all was finished, with the exception of

the bonbons, the tumbler and saucer were washed and replaced in their hiding-place; and with the chocolates in her lap, and Alert curled up at her feet for his afternoon nap, Essex once more lost herself in the pages of her book.

Minutes and hours flew by on wings until, at length, the little reader arrived at the stirring scene where Long Tom, having hurled his reluctant commander into the waiting boat, casts the line loose, saying: "God's will be done with me. I saw the first timber of the 'Ariel' laid, and shall live just long enough to see it turn out of her bottom; after which I desire to live no longer."

As Essex read the pathetic words, a blur came over the page before her, and lifting her head, she sat for a while looking dreamily out to sea. Suddenly, across the water, floated the soft, clear note of a horn. Alert was on his feet in an instant, but his mistress, laying a detaining hand on his collar, remained seated, listening intently in the direction from which the signal had come. Another note, and she was up with a bounce, glancing about for the basket. A third, and stopping for nothing, she sprang down the rocks, and in less time than it takes to tell of it, Alert and the "Pilot" were both aboard, and the little captain was unshipping the oars.

Ten minutes later a panting girl and dog came racing up the slope.

Judy, the darky maid, was standing in the doorway eagerly awaiting their arrival.

"What *is* the matter?" demanded Essex, breathlessly.

"Oh, Miss Essex, I so 'shamed. Your ma say to blow two toots on the horn at half-past three, and that would gib you heaps o' time to set the supper-table an' fix flowers for it an' the gentleman's room an' dust it; an' now it 's a-goin' on five o'clock—not twenty minutes 'fo' they 'll be here! It was just nothin' but dat ol' chicken jelly—I so 'cited fear it would capswash dat I disremember all about tootin' till just few minutes ago!"

Here a pause was absolutely necessary, and Essex made haste to ask, "Where is mother, and what gentleman do you mean? Tell me quick, and pick nasturtiums while you talk."

"There! I clean forgot you were gone when the telegraph came for Mars Owen from some gentleman in New York, sayin' he 'd be at our station on four-o'clock train, an' Mars Owen hab some business, so he go right after dinner, an' he had n't no more 'n got on the bridge, when ober comes Mars Burton's man with a note sayin' the baby hab crup again, an' want Mis' Thurston to go right ober. An' she say let you be till half-past three, an' den dat chicken!" Judy gave a grunt of disgust. "Anyways, I done make up the bed an' fill the pitcher. Would you hab time to dust it?"

"Oh, yes; but is n't mother coming back?"

"She say she may hab to stay all night, an' if she does, you to take her place, an' not forget dat cream an' sugar go in de cups befo' coffee, an' when it 's tea, sugar com' first an' cream last."

Poor Essex! Guests, being few and far between at Thurston Island, had always been considered by her as more or less of an ordeal; but this sudden burden of hostess-ship was decidedly overwhelming.

However, the responsibility must be met, and having rapidly laid out the campaign for the short time allowed, she took the flowers which Judy had been gathering, and putting them with those in her own hand, said hastily:

"There, Judy, these will do for upstairs, and now, if you will fill the Wedgwood bowl and bring it up to me, I will dust as quickly as I can. Then, if you can pick some white asters and manage to put on the cloth, I will make the time for setting the table in some way."

The last words came floating down from the stair-head as Essex vanished in the direction of the guest-room.

The dusting was well under way when Judy appeared with the water for the flowers.

"La, miss, you fix 'em all tipsy-like, just as your ma does," was the maid's proud comment as Essex set the blue bowl on the table.

"Did mother say anything about my changin' my dress?"

"Yes, miss; she say you better put on your Sunday one. I s'pose I disremember to tell you, 'cause I don' see as it makes any difference with those sailor clothes. They all alike,

anyways." And Judy turned toward the door with a sniff of scorn.

There was one subject which never failed to excite the old servant's disapproval, and that was the unvarying style of the dresses worn by her little mistress. Blue serge sailor suits for the winter, and white duck and piqué, made in the same style, for the warm weather—such



"LA, MISS, YOU FIX 'EM ALL TIPSY-LIKE, JUST AS YOUR MA DOES," WAS JUDY'S PROUD COMMENT."

had been the established rule since the little girl's baby frocks had been outgrown.

Essex paid no attention to Judy's last remark, but as the latter started down the stairs one last command remained to be given:

"The wind is west, Judy, so you will hear 'Major's' hoofs on the bridge. Let me know the instant you do, and that will give me just time to change my dress. As for my hair—"

"Le' me do it, please, Miss Essex!"

"No; I would rather you would pick the asters. I will manage somehow."

And manage she did, for a quarter of an hour later, when Mr. Thurston and his guest drove up to the door-stone, a little figure was awaiting them there, dressed in the most im-

maculate of navy-blue suits, while at the back of the smoothly brushed head a peculiarly rampant white bow (it had been tied a minute before on the last step of the staircase) held in place the long, waving tassel of thick golden locks.

"Ah, Frigate," her uncle called out, "where 's mother?" While the horse was being tied Essex gave him the necessary explanation. Then followed the introduction.

"Frigate, this is Mr. Bruce—your hostess,

Bruce. We will trust that in this case quality will atone for lack of quantity."

Poor Essex! That remark made her eyes seek the ground, but not before she had seen the courteous removal of the gentleman's hat and his respectful expression as he took her little brown hand in his.

"Jim," said Mr. Thurston, as a small darky appeared, "I will drive the horse around to the stable. You can carry the gentleman's satchel to his room."

*(To be continued.)*



THE READING-NOOK ON THE ISLAND.

## A STORY OF THREE DOGS.

BY MARY DAMERON.



He was a wise man who said: "Show me a dog, and I will tell you what his master is."

The other day I was walking from the city to the hospital. It is a long walk, and I was alone. Just as I had cleared the city, and was climbing a wearisome hill, a dog

came walking toward me. He had a coat of white-and-brown shaggy hair, clean, and soft as silk. He did not hesitate, but came right up to me, and, standing on his hind feet, put two soft paws up to my waist, and looked into my face as if he would say, "Good day! I don't know who you are, but I want you to love me, and oh, I know you will! Everybody does. I am sure the world must be full of love."

What deep, expressive brown eyes he had! They seemed to speak, although he did not utter a sound. I patted his head, and he rested against me with the confidence of a trusting child. I stood a moment and petted him. He seemed to expect it. Presently I bade him good-by, and walked on.

It was not long before I met another dog. He was a little black fellow, and his small eyes fairly danced with mirth as they peeked out from beneath their hairy lids. He was evidently desirous of play. He darted toward me, and circled round me, bouncing, and wagging his tail. He was soon off to the road again. I threw up my gloved hand, and called, "Come, little doggy!"

He came, only to be off again like a flash, looking back every moment, as he ran, as if to say, "What are you walking at that snail's pace for? You 'll never catch me in the world!"

He did not come to me again. I think he was disgusted. So I walked on.

It was some moments before I saw another dog, but just as I was turning into the broad, fir-bordered avenue leading to the hospital, I spied a big, spotted fellow trotting toward me. As he neared me, he looked up with a forbidding eye, and began to tuck his tail close to his hind legs. He came on, and as he was passing I grasped a fold of my dress, which was dragging on the ground. My motion seemed to frighten him, for, with a bound, he commenced to run down the road. I looked back, and he stopped at some distance, and seemed to watch me, probably to see if I had meant to strike him.

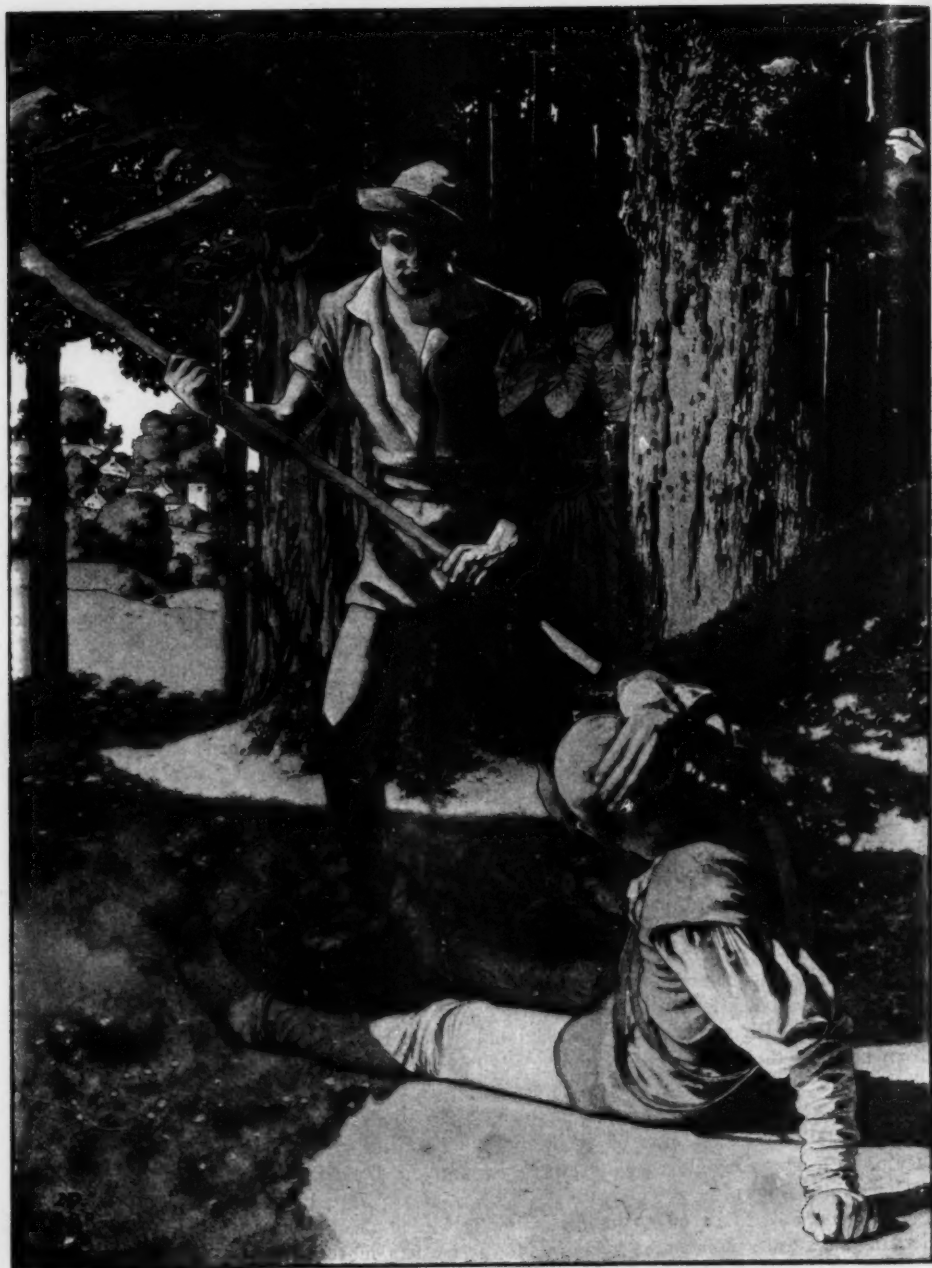
"I 'll learn something about the home life of these dogs," I said to myself.

I found that the brown-spotted dog was called "Pete." He was the pet of an invalid. She could not jump, and frisk, and play; she could only love him, and he had learned to be a gentle, loving little dog.

The little black fellow was "Bounce." He was the pet of a family of boys and girls. He played with them all day long, and at night he was put to sleep in a nice warm bed.

The last dog was "Dick." Poor Dick! He belonged to a rough, unkind family. He was not half fed, and feared to put his head in at his master's door, for fear of a kick. At night he sought shelter from the cold and snow anywhere he could find it. When I met him he was doubtless returning from the hospital back yard, where good Christine, the cook, is ready to feed all the stray dogs and cats that come to her. And such dogs as poor Dick are quick to find anybody with a kind heart like Christine's.

So I have begun to think dogs are like looking-glasses, reflecting the manners of their masters in their own. If I had a dog I 'd want him to be like Pete; but if I were a boy or girl I 'd want him to be like Bounce.



"OH, A QUARTER-STAFF IS OFTEN ROUGH." (SEE PAGE 28.)



## A BALLAD IN LINCOLN GREEN.

BY ALDIS DUNBAR.

'T WAS the smith who wrought till the sun went down;  
His arms were strong and his face was brown,  
But he lived in dread of a fair maid's frown.

Hey, marry come up!

Oh, as dainty a lass as ever was seen,  
She mocked at the blacksmith's homely mien,  
And sighed for a lover in Lincoln green!

Sing hey for the Lincoln green!

She passed the forge at the nooning bell,  
And through the woods to Our Lady's well,  
Where many a wish comes true, they tell.

Hey, marry come up!

And as she went by a lonely lane,  
Counting the links of her golden chain,  
A step behind her was heard quite plain.

Sing hey for the hope of gain!

A touch on her arm, and beside her stood  
A lad in the dress of the gay greenwood.  
She blushed quite red, as a fair maid should.

Hey, marry come up!

"My lass, in the greenwood we think no sin  
To snatch our earnings while others spin.  
Your chain, I pray, and each sparkling pin!"

Sing hey for the gold to win!

"Alas and alack!" she cried in alarm,  
And longed for the strength of the blacksmith's arm  
To keep and defend her from touch of harm!

Hey, marry come up!

"Come, lend me your gold, and a kiss I 'll pay.  
Honest exchange is the outlaw's way!"  
When—sprawling flat on the grass he lay!

Sing hey for the outlaw's pay!

Oh, a quarter-staff is often rough,  
 And the arm of a smith grows strong and tough.  
 The lad in green cried, "Hold! Enough!"  
 Hey, marry come up!

Ah, swift he fled through each forest glade;  
 And the blacksmith, sure, was well repaid  
 By a glance from a sorry, repentant maid.  
 Sing hey for a meeker maid!

Now lies there many a year between;  
 Yet maids will ever be maids, I ween,  
 Forever a-wishing for "might have been."  
 A sigh for the Lincoln green.

Sweet,—comes it nearer,—you learn, I wot,  
 To be content with your quiet lot—  
 Nor long for a life that you know not.  
 Hey, marry come up!

## DOSERA, THE FEAST OF HORSES.

BY EMMA BRAINERD RYDER.

To the boys and girls in America life in India would be one continual surprise. Every day there is some new festival, or feast, or procession, or something different from the things one sees and hears at home.

*Do-se-ra*, or the "Feast of Horses," is a very old festival. The Hindus say that on a time, long ago, the god Rama went to war with the King of Ceylon; and was victorious because his army had better horses and bullocks than the king's army. So, yearly, at the time of a new moon, the Hindus worship the horses and bullocks.

I had never heard of this festival, and on the morning of Dosera I was surprised to find my Arab pony, "Raja," all trimmed with bright yellow flowers. He had a wreath around his neck; long pendants of flowers hung from his ears; anklets of the same bright

flowers were tied around his legs, just above the hoof and again above the knees; and tiny bouquets were tied to the harness in many places, and on the reins, too. It was pretty, and I am sure Raja felt "dressed up," for he was dignified and quiet all that day, and carried his head a little higher than usual. Sometimes he does frisky things; but we are not at all afraid of him, for he is intelligent, and if we say, "Raja, Raja!" in a decided tone, he seems to know that we wish him to be dignified. "Raja" means "king," and we gave him that name because we think him the king of Arab ponies.

At Dosera, the bullocks, which are as much used here as horses, had their horns stained with bright-colored paints, generally a different color for each horn; and strings of little tassels of many different colors were tied from

the tip of one horn to the tip of the other, or bright pieces of ribbons would be used instead of the tassels.

The white horses, of which there are very many here, and the white bullocks, too, were

locks. I could not find any one who would tell me if they worshiped the carts too, but I think they did. After this is done, the people give each other presents, which should be of gold; but as the people are, most of them, too poor



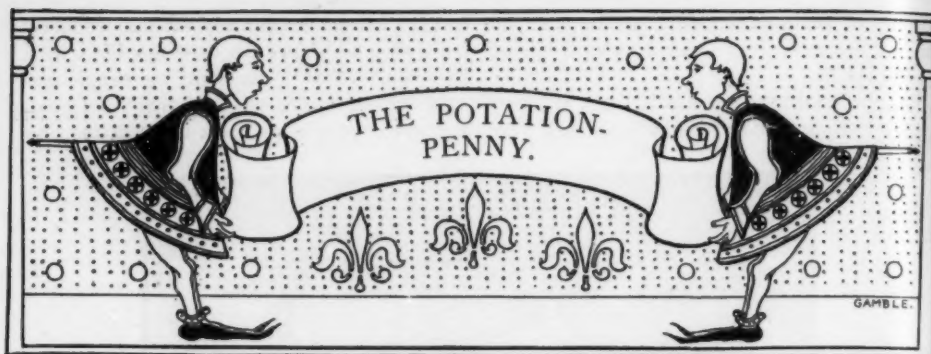
"I FOUND MY PONY RAJA ALL TRIMMED WITH BRIGHT YELLOW FLOWERS."

painted, some in stars or in round dots. Others had the rising sun painted on both sides of their bodies, in red and gold colors. Some horses had only their tails and manes colored, while a few drivers painted the sides of the cart and the wheels also.

After all this decorating was finished, the people made *pujah* to the animals, which means that they worshiped the horses and the bul-

locks. I could not find any one who would tell me if they worshiped the carts too, but I think they did. After this is done, the people give each other presents, which should be of gold; but as the people are, most of them, too poor

to give gold, they give the leaf of a "gold" plant, and that answers very well. When evening came, and the coachman who had trimmed Raja with the fresh flowers had not received "bakshish," he felt very much neglected, and sent word to me that it was the custom of the country to give the coachman a donation. I sent him a rupee, and made him quite happy.



BY MARGARETTA L. HINCHMAN.

THE schools of our country one hundred years ago would hardly be recognized as schools by the children of to-day. The school-houses were small and one-roomed, frequently hexagonal, that is, six-sided like a bee's honey-cell. At first there were no desks, rude benches being used instead, while great logs took the place of chairs. The variety of subjects to be learned was not as great then as now; the "three Rs, reading, 'riting, and 'rithmetic," with a little Latin and Greek, were the principal subjects taught. In the branches studied, however, the tasks were often very hard; sometimes difficult problems were given out, problems that would puzzle even grown-up heads to-day. Moreover, spelling varied widely. This was doubtless increased by the little travel between the colonies. Jonathan Edwards, in New England, spelled quarrel "quarrill," while Mistress Blair, in Virginia, spelled it "quarrel," as we do. Yet Ephraim Williams in one letter spells the same word in two different ways—"writting," "wrighting."

The holidays came round as regularly then as they do now, and commencement day was no doubt looked forward to with as much delight and eagerness. There were no "exercises," with dreadfully long speeches, but all was feasting and merry-making.

A great picnic was given at the school-house. On this grand occasion the children, dressed in their "best bibs and tuckers," came early with their parents and families, and the ministers and authorities of the community were

always present. The school-teacher presided over the feast, and paid for the food with pennies that had been brought to him during the whole year.

It was the custom for each pupil to bring a penny, or some small sum, which enabled the teacher to furnish the treat. If he lived in a generous neighborhood, this gave him quite a little sum above the costs of the feast. This custom gave rise to the name "potation-" or "drinking-penny."

They had all the good things to eat and drink that one could think of. They had buns, jam-tarts, gooseberry-pies, and cakes made in all shapes—dogs made of cake, birds made of cake, and gingerbread men, of course. Then, they had figs and dates, brought to the colonies in trading-vessels, and ale and cider of their own making.

This old custom the colonists brought from England. There is a record of it in the statutes of Hartlebury, Worcestershire, "the seventh year of our Sovereign Lady Queen Elizabeth":

The said schoolmaster shall and may have, use, and take the profits of all such *potations* as are commonly used in schools, and such other gifts as shall be freely given them, . . . over and besides their wages, until their salary and stipend shall be augmented.

In some of the counties of England this is still continued. The commencement which we celebrate at the end of our school term, though differing in form and in name, seems to be in some ways an outgrowth of the potation-penny feast.



"A GREAT PICNIC WAS GIVEN AT THE SCHOOL-HOUSE."





## THE BALLAD OF THE KIND DRAGON.

BY HENRY WALLACE PHILLIPS.

FROM earliest times the dragon has  
 Been looked upon with dread.  
 His shining scales, his glittering eyes,  
 The great fangs in his head,

The way he breathes out flame and smoke,  
 His long and keen-edged claws,  
 Present a personality  
 To make the bravest pause.

And then his awful character!—  
 His snappy little way  
 Of gobbling human beings up  
 As though it were but play!

'T is with a glad and thankful heart  
 That I indite my lay  
 To one of different tendencies  
 Who lived in Sluggard's Bay.

This dragon's name was Peter Jones.  
 He came of ancient race.  
 A kindly heart beat in his breast;  
 He had a pleasant face,

Although not quite a handsome one—  
 'T is deeds that tell, not looks,  
 And Peter's record would compare  
 With any found in books.

There was a youngster at this time,  
 And he would search for gold.  
 He bought a beamy little craft—  
 With food he filled her hold.

Then hoisted sail, the anchor tripped,  
 And started on his way  
 To get the treasure that he heard  
 Was hid in Sluggard's Bay.

This mariner was Billy Brown;  
He came from New York City.  
Full soon he jammed the tiller down  
And sang this sailor's ditty:

"Now fresh and wild the north wind blows,  
The racing billows roar,  
While high and swift  
The spume and drift  
Go scudding on before.

"The sun glints on the foam and sheen,  
The air is keen, but kind.  
Then ho! for the sail  
And the wind that fills it!  
Then ho! for the sea  
And the ship that tills it!  
And the life that free men find!"

The moon had waned a score of times  
Ere he came to the strand  
Of Sluggard's Bay. He gave a shout  
And headed in for land.

But as he put the boat about,  
A cat's-paw struck the sail;  
Over she went, and down went he—  
A shipwreck within hail

Of land; but manfully he swam  
Until he reached the shore,  
And then the sound came to his ears  
Of Peter Jones's roar.

Now Billy was a frightened boy;  
He hid him in a cave  
Until P. Jones in kindest tones  
Called, "I am here to save,

"Not murder you. Come here, my son,  
Hang your clothes to dry,  
And warm your hands, and your poor feet;  
Then you and I will try

"To get some dinner." Billy came  
And did as he was told.  
So Peter breathed upon the clothes  
And on the boy so cold

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BILLY BROWN SINGS A SONG.

Till they were dry as any bones  
And nice and warm as toast.  
Then Peter said, with genial smile,  
"My larder does n't boast

"A list of many eatables;  
Some 'taters we can cook—  
Go put them in the kettle now,  
With water from the brook;

"Then hang the kettle on that limb  
And I 'll supply the flame.  
For meat, we 'll have to do without—  
There is n't any game."



THE DRAGON WARMS BILLY'S HANDS.

'T was thus their friendship did begin—  
A friendship tried and true,  
For Peter Jones helped Billy Brown  
In all he tried to do.

When they went out to hunt for gold,  
'T was Peter's claws that dug it,  
While Billy, watching carefully,  
Picked up each shining nugget,

Until they had a mighty pile—  
A ton, at least, in weight,  
Which they put by until some ship  
Would take the load as freight.

So Billy lived with Peter Jones  
A year, perhaps, or more;  
And when the parting time came round  
His heart felt sad and sore.

THE DRAGON BOILS  
THE KETTLE.

THE DRAGON DIGS FOR GOLD.



THE SETTING SAIL OF BILLY.

But in the offing lay a ship  
That soon took Billy off,  
While Peter hid his rising sobs  
Beneath a well-feigned cough.

Now Billy lives like any prince;  
But twice a year a treat

Of choicest fireworks he sends  
For Peter Jones to eat.

And Peter, as the rockets, mines,  
And wheels he swallows down,  
While sparks and crackers fly around,  
Thinks well of Billy Brown.



PETER JONES, THE DRAGON, ENJOYING BILLY'S FIREWORKS.

## HOW THE SHOES

## FITTED THE BABY.



BY SOPHIE SWETT.

SUCH a pair of feet as the baby had!—plump and dimpled and satiny, and there was a bewitching little crease for an ankle, and the toe-nails were like bits of the inside of a sea-shell. I don't suppose there ever were such feet before, or, in fact, such a baby, altogether; at least, that was the opinion of the baby's little brothers and sisters, and, indeed, of the big brothers and sisters, and, now I think of it, the father and mother thought so, too. And there were, besides, some uncles and aunts and cousins (who had no babies of their own), and they were of the same opinion. And as for grandma, who had had a good many babies and grandbabies, she was sure of it. So it must have been so.

"Bless the darling! I wish she had some shoes," said grandma.

"She ought to have some shoes," said the baby's father.

"It's a *pity* she can't have some shoes," said the baby's mother.

"It's a *shame* that she's never had any shoes," said the older children—all except Jacob Abimelech.

"Can't she have some shoes?" said the younger children.

"She *shall* have some shoes!" said Jacob Abimelech.

Then they all knew that the baby would have some shoes. When Jacob Abimelech

said a thing should be done, it was just as sure as roast turkey at Thanksgiving. Jacob Abimelech was "smart." It was whispered in Brimfield that he could "spell down" the schoolmaster, and he had beaten the minister at checkers.

If Jacob Abimelech had said that a lovely little pair of shoes, with buttons on them, that exactly fitted the baby, would presently come skipping up the garden path to the front door, all by themselves, the children would have rushed to the window fully expecting to see them. They had such faith in Jacob Abimelech. But he did not say anything of that kind, and it was n't probable that the shoes would come in any such fairy-book way as that, though it would be very convenient to have them; very convenient, indeed, for the Sparrows were poor—so poor that they had had to

Shoe the horse, and shoe the mare,  
And let the little colt go bare.

To think of the baby having been in the world almost two years without having had a pair of shoes to shelter those pinky toes! I think nobody could blame the children for saying that it was a shame.

A squaw, who was wandering about, had once given the baby a pair of moccasins, gaily embroidered with beads, but they were too



large,—almost large enough for Hannah,—and the baby would not keep them on.

Grandma knitted plenty of good, warm little socks to keep Jack Frost from nipping her toes, but she knitted them of homespun yarn, and, though nobody wanted to hurt grandma's feelings by saying so, they were very clumsy, and not pretty at all, and, moreover, the baby could pull them off just when she liked.

Now, Jacob Abimelech had never said before that the baby *should have* some shoes. He had been the only one who had said nothing. Jacob Abimelech was one of those very uncommon people who, when they have nothing to say, say nothing. But his pumpkin had just taken the prize at the fair, and he had ten dollars of his own to do what he liked with. Although he was almost seventeen, I don't think he had ever before had ten dollars of his own in his life. They were so very

came very often and spoiled the crops. And there were so many children to clothe and feed! But they found the world worth living in, after all; because there are so many beautiful things that money cannot buy.

It was such a delightful happening that Jacob Abimelech raised the prize pumpkin! And yet, like a great many good things that are called happenings, it had taken a good deal of patient care and labor to bring it about. And if it was like anybody in the world to raise a prize pumpkin, it was like Jacob Abimelech! He had chosen a place to plant the seeds where pumpkin seeds were never planted before; but it was on a sunny slope, and he made the earth rich, and that did its best to help; and the rain came along and helped at just the right time; and the sun—oh, how the sun did shine on that pumpkin-vine! and, by and by, it seemed to send its very first beam



"SHE SHALL HAVE SOME SHOES!" SAID JACOB ABIMELECH.

poor! Mr. Sparrow had the rheumatism, and half of the time he could not work at all, and the farm was mortgaged, and seasons that were too wet, or too dry, or too cold, or too hot

in the morning, and its very last beam at night, down on that particular pumpkin, so that it outstripped all the others, and grew and grew, until, one day, they stood the baby up beside

it, and it reached to her shoulder, and a few weeks afterward they measured again, and it actually overtopped the baby's head!

You may believe that that *was* a pumpkin, and they were all very proud when Jacob Abimelech carried it to the fair, from Father Sparrow, who said he did n't knqw but Jacob Abimelech knew more about farming than he did, down to the baby, who understood more about it than they thought. And they were prouder still when he came home from the fair with the prize.

I have not space to tell you of the things that Jacob Abimelech had planned to buy with that ten dollars. He would have needed Aladdin's lamp, or Fortunatus's purse to pay for them all, instead of only a ten-dollar bill. By retiring to the barn two or three times in a day, and making out a list of things he wanted most, and their probable prices, he had discovered how very few things he could have. He *did want* a gun. Jacob Abimelech was only a boy, if he was "smart." There was a fox that tried every night to get into the hen-coop; hawks and crows, too, that did great mischief. But then, there was the shawl that he wanted to get for his mother, the warm gloves for his father, and grandma's new spectacles—and the baby's shoes! He might waver a little about the shawl, and the gloves, and the spectacles,—that gun was such a temptation,—but the baby should have her shoes!

The next question was where they should be bought. There were no shoes worthy of such a baby as that in the one country store that Brimfield boasted, and at Mapleton, five miles away, where they did most of their shopping, there was a very small stock to choose from, and it was very doubtful whether there could be any found to fit her. Oh, if they could only get a pair from the city—the great city eighteen miles away, where there were shoes fit for a queen's baby—or for theirs!

"I 'll tell you what!" said Jacob Abimelech, bringing his hand down on his knee with great force, "Obadiah Cherrywinkle is going to the city to market to-morrow!"

"I would n't trust Obadiah to get them. He would never choose the right pair. They would be sure not to fit," said his mother.

"It 's a pity we 're so busy harvesting that one of us can't go," said Jacob Abimelech. "One of the children might go. There 's James Albert; he is n't of much use at home, and he knows what 's what, and is pretty sharp at a bargain."

"Oh, yes," cried all the children, in chorus. "Don't you remember the time when James Albert did n't let the tin-peddler cheat him?"

You could scarcely mention James Albert's name in that family without all the children shouting that out in chorus, it being considered one of the important events in the family history that James Albert, at the age of eight, had got the better of a tin-peddler, or, at least, had prevented the tin-peddler from getting the better of him.

"I don't know but James Albert might be trusted; he is such an old head," said his mother. "And we could measure the baby's foot exactly."

"I 'll go right over and ask Obadiah if he 'll take me," cried James Albert, seizing his hat.

He was back again in a very few minutes, and called out before he got the door open:

"He says *yes*! Obadiah says *yes*! And he says Hannah can go, too, as well as not!"

"Oh, James Albert, I 'm awful sorry I told of you about the woodchuck, and you can have my bantam rooster to keep!" she exclaimed, in a gush of gratitude.

"Oh, pooh! who wants your old rooster? I just thought I 'd take you for fear I 'd be lonesome," replied James Albert, who did good by stealth and blushed to find it fame. "You 'd better find out whether mother 'll let you before you make such a fuss."

"It 's a long ride. I 'm afraid she 'll be tired. And I suppose you 'll have to be off by four o'clock in the morning. But if she wants to go, I don't know as it will do any harm," said their mother.

"It will do both the children good to see the world!" said grandma.

So it was settled, and Hannah dreamed, that night, that Jacob Abimelech's big pumpkin had turned into a coach, like Cinderella's fairy godmother's, and James Albert and she were

going off to seek their fortunes in it. But they had hardly got started, it seemed to her, when James Albert was screaming "Spiders!" at her door. That was the only way they could wake Hannah, she was such a very sound sleeper. If she had not been terribly afraid of spiders I don't know what they would have done.

Jacob Abimelech had got up, and made a good hot fire in the kitchen stove, and put some potatoes in to bake, and they had a nice hot breakfast; and it seemed delightfully queer to be up eating breakfast in the night. Old Lion, who never approved of anything unusual, growled and barked; but Nebuchadnezzar got up and chased his tail as composedly as if he were in the habit of doing it at three o'clock in the morning.

There was scarcely a gleam of daylight when they heard Obadiah Cherrywinkle's heavy wagon creaking through the lane, and Obadiah's cheery voice called, "Halloo, youngsters!"

Obadiah was in a great hurry. "You have to get up early to get the start of them market fellers," he informed them. He hurried James Albert and Hannah into the wagon, cracked his whip over the horses' backs, and they were off.

James Albert had the money for the shoes, and a paper that was the exact measure of the baby's foot, carefully pinned into his jacket pocket, and Hannah had a bright new silver quarter, that Abimelech had given her, tied up in a corner of her pocket-handkerchief. And they would not have thought of changing places with the President or Queen Victoria!

They felt, too, a kind of proprietorship in the wagon that was very pleasant. The Cherrywinkles owned the largest farm in Brimfield, and the great wagon was filled with barrels of apples,—rosy-cheeked Hubbardstons, golden pippins, and little crimson-and-yellow snow apples, nicest of all,—barrels of golden squashes, and green and purple cabbages, a firkin of sweet, golden butter, and a big sage cheese; and hanging around the sides were rows of turkeys, poor things! that had strutted their last strut and gobbled their last gobble in the pleasant Cherrywinkle farm-yard. All

these good things Obadiah was carrying to the unfortunate people who lived in the city, where nothing grew. James Albert and Hannah both felt that it would be the proudest day of their lives, even without that wonderful and delightful commission to buy the baby's shoes.

Obadiah fell fast asleep, and James Albert had the great privilege of driving the finest horses in Brimfield. It was a peculiarity of Obadiah's to fall asleep whenever he had to sit still; his father had tried to make a minister of him, and was forced to give it up because he could not keep awake. He did not wake until the wagon began to clatter over the pavements, and then he seized the reins from James Albert's hand, and said he was "beginnin' to feel kind of drowsy; guessed he should have come pooty nigh fallin' asleep if they had n't got there pooty soon!" James Albert and Hannah thought it was not polite to say anything, but they had to make a great effort to smother their giggles.

But they were soon too much occupied with the delightful novelty of their surroundings to think of Obadiah. The streets were so queer, with houses "all hitched together in a row," as Hannah remarked, and so full of people that it seemed as if it must be the Fourth of July, or, at least, a circus day. When they reached the markets it looked as if all the farmers in the country had "got the start" of Obadiah. Vegetables, and fruit, and meat, and poultry seemed to have overflowed through all the doors and windows; the sidewalks were almost covered.

"Oh, Obadiah, we ought to have started the night before," cried Hannah, the tears coming into her eyes; she felt so sorry for Obadiah, who, she thought, might as well carry water to the well as to bring his wagon-load here.

But Obadiah only laughed. He was as wide awake now as a Yankee farmer ought to be. He jumped out of the wagon, and began to talk to men standing about on the sidewalk, and in a few minutes everything was sold, and they were driving gaily off, with an empty wagon, in search of the baby's shoes!

Hannah's heart beat fast when Obadiah lifted her down from the wagon in front of a large

store whose plate-glass windows showed row after row of the most elegant boots and slippers imaginable. James Albert assumed a manly and assured bearing, but in truth he was almost as much frightened as Hannah. Inside they found the whole store, larger than the Brimfield meeting-house, full of boots and shoes.

He walked up to a clerk as coolly as if it were an every-day occurrence for him to go shopping, and said:

"We want a pair of shoes for our baby."

The clerk did not seem to be struck with the importance of the occasion. He asked, carelessly, what kind and what size, and took a big box down from the shelf. Hannah was seized with violent admiration for a pair of dainty white kid slippers with white satin rosettes, but as they had been carefully enjoined to get shoes that would "wear well," she was forced to turn away from them. After many trials the clerk at last found a lovely little pair of black kid button-boots that just fitted the measure, and James Albert put his hand into one of them as far as it would go, and decided that there was room enough,—the baby's feet were plump, if they were tiny,—and Hannah anxiously felt of the soles to be sure that they were not stiff enough to hurt the baby, and, after much deliberation and consultation, they decided to take them. The price was higher than they had expected to pay, but Jacob Abimelech had charged them to buy the best, and surely the best was not too good for such a baby as that!

They hurried out, impatient to show their purchase to Obadiah, but lo and behold! when they reached the sidewalk neither the wagon nor Obadiah was to be seen!

"We were so long he got tired, and went off and left us. Oh, James Albert, what shall we do?" exclaimed Hannah.

"I would n't have believed Obadiah would be so mean as that," said James Albert. And then he suddenly caught sight of a wagon that looked like Obadiah's, going around a corner a few rods off, and started after it, Hannah following.

They followed it around three corners, and when at last they reached it, breathless, it was not Obadiah's at all, but an expressman's!

James Albert and Hannah looked at each other in dismay. Tears were running down Hannah's cheeks, and James Albert had a lump in his throat, but he suddenly remembered the tin-peddler, and the reputation for "smartness" which he had to maintain.

"We 'll just go back to the shoe-store, and wait until Obadiah comes after us. He 'll be sure to come. I suppose he just went off on an errand, and maybe he got lost. I don't think Obadiah is so very smart!"

It cheered Hannah very much to hear James Albert speak in this confident and easy manner, but, strange to say, when they reached the place where he thought the shoe-store ought to be, it was n't there!

"Oh, James Albert, we 're lost, we 're lost!" cried Hannah.

"The shoe-store is lost, and Obadiah is lost, but we ain't, because here we are!" replied James Albert, stoutly.

This may have been very poor logic, but it made Hannah laugh.

"Let 's go over there, and sit down, and get rested, and think it over," said James Albert, pointing to a large park with broad, shady walks, and a pond and a fountain shining through the trees.

Just inside the gate was a man with a Punch and Judy show, and they laughed at that until they almost forgot their trouble.

"Let 's spend your quarter!" said James Albert, when they were tired of the show.

So they each had a glass of red lemonade which an old woman was dispensing from a large pail, and then James Albert advocated a "jaw-breaker" apiece, because jaw-breakers "lasted long." Hannah did not like them particularly, because they were flavored with cinnamon, but she deferred to James Albert's taste. Then both heartily agreed upon having a big paper bag full of peanuts, and with those and the "jaw-breakers" they retired to a bench under a tree in a secluded corner.

The goodies were even more effective than the Punch and Judy show in helping them to forget Obadiah's mysterious disappearance, and they were laughing and making merry, just as if he might be expected to drive up, all ready to carry them home, at any minute,

when the queerest figure they had ever seen came hobbling along the walk, and stopped in front of them.

It was a little old man, with a huge bag of

most approved fashion, a pink silk dress trimmed with lace, and turquoise ear-rings in her ears. To be frank, her complexion was somewhat faded, and the tip of her nose was



"'I SELL HIM TO YOU SHEAP—SO SHEAP AS NOZZING AT ALL!' SAID THE RAGMAN."

rags on his back, that bent him over nearly double. He had such a very long, large, hooked nose that his face looked all nose when you first saw him, and he had such a little bit of a chin that it was like having no chin at all. He reminded Hannah so much of grandma's drab parrot that it was quite startling; he had even the same way of holding his head on one side, and looking straight at one, with little sharp, beady eyes.

After he had looked at them long enough, he took off his hat, with a very polite bow, and remarked that it was a very fine day; to which remark the children responded, with their very best manners.

"You are all 'lone—all 'lone?" he inquired, looking cautiously around. "Zen I show you somezing bee-utiful! more bee-utiful as you evair have see!"

And setting his great bag of rags upon the ground, he drew from it a most beautiful doll. Hannah could hardly believe it was a doll. She had lovely blue eyes that opened and shut, golden hair that was "banged" in the

broken off, but those slight blemishes quite escaped Hannah's notice. Hannah, who had never in her life had any doll better than one made of a shawl, felt her heart yearn over this beautiful creature.

"I sell him to you sheap—so sheap as nozzing at all!" said the ragman.

There was only one cent left of Hannah's quarter. She held it out, saying mournfully, "That is all the money we have!"

"But vat is dis?" said the ragman, touching the package that was sticking out of James Albert's pocket.

"That is the baby's shoes," said James Albert, glad of an opportunity to display them.

The ragman looked at them, curling his lip and shaking his head contemptuously:

"No goot! no goot! Bad shoe! ver' bad shoe!" he said; and James Albert and Hannah felt their hearts sink within them, for of course he would not speak so confidently unless he were a judge of shoes!

"Poor shildern, I pity you! I mooch kind-heart man, and I pity you. I gif you ze doll,



and I take zé shoe! No goot, but I take zem!"

And he stuffed the shoes hastily into his pocket, leaving the doll in Hannah's lap.

"Oh, we can't let you have the shoes; they're the baby's!" cried James Albert and Hannah, in chorus.

"You not gif doze bad shoe, good for nozzing at all, for dat bee-utiful doll wort' twenty dollar? You sell him for dozen pair shoe like dat, if you want!"

"It does seem a splendid bargain, James Albert!" said Hannah, hugging the doll.

It did seem so to James Albert, and he did want to have the credit of doing a fine stroke of business. If they *could* sell the doll for twenty dollars, he should distinguish himself even more than he had done in that little affair with the tin-peddler.

While he was considering, with his forehead puckered into the deepest of frowns, the ragman was making off, with the baby's shoes.

Suddenly Hannah began to feel misgivings.

"Oh, James Albert, if we *could n't* sell the doll, we should have to go home without the baby's shoes! And the tip of her nose is broken, and her dress is n't so very clean!"

"I'll run after him and get the shoes back. Give me the doll!" cried James Albert.

But not a trace of the ragman was to be seen. For an old man he must have walked very fast indeed after he turned the corner.

The children sat down again on the bench and looked at each other blankly, then they looked at the doll. It was astonishing to see how much worse her nose looked, and how much more soiled and disheveled she appeared, now that she belonged to them!

"We must go to a store and try to sell her right away," said James Albert. "But I am afraid nobody will buy her, she is so dirty!"

A young man was passing just then, and James Albert resolved to have the benefit of his opinion.

"Do you think this doll is worth twenty dollars, sir?" he asked.

"Twenty dollars! That old doll? Why, it is n't worth twenty cents," said the young man, with a laugh.

"And we have lost the baby's shoes! Oh,

James Albert!" exclaimed Hannah, with a great sob.

"I just wish we had never seen the old doll! He was an awful bad man. He cheated us," said James Albert.

"He was worse than the tin-peddler, was n't he? And you were not so smart as you were then, were you?"—which was somewhat aggravating to poor James Albert, although Hannah did not mean it to be so.

"It was awful wicked of us to do it, and I never should have thought of such a thing if it had n't been for you. You wanted the horrid old doll so much!" he said, not very kindly.

Hannah's tears began to flow.

"It's no good to sit here and be a cry-baby!" said James Albert. "We'll go out into the street, and perhaps we shall come across Obadiah."

"I don't want to find Obadiah. I don't want to go home without the baby's shoes!" said Hannah. But as James Albert strode along crossly, with his hands in his pockets, she followed him, the tears rolling down her cheeks, and the doll tucked carelessly under her arm, a most melancholy picture.

As they were going through the park gates, one of a group of children playing near, under the care of what Hannah thought was a very queer-looking nurse, with a white cap on her head, came running up to Hannah, and seized the doll from under her arm, with a cry of delight.

"Oh, my own dear, sweet, darling Florabella!" she cried, hugging and kissing the doll. "I thought I never should see you again! Oh, dear, how she looks! The darling must have been through so much! But she would be my own darling Florabella if her nose were twice as bumped!"

And then the nurse came up, and asked Hannah, in a very severe manner, where she got the doll.

Before she had time to answer, James Albert constituted himself spokesman and told them all about it.

"Oh, what a wicked ragman!" cried the little girl, who was still hugging the doll. "Florabella fell out of the window on to the sidewalk; I ran down to pick her up, but when

I got there she was gone. You come home with us, and tell mama about it, and she'll give you something to pay for Florabella—for of course you can't have her!" And she gave the doll an extra hug at the thought.

"We don't want her!" said James Albert and Hannah, in concert, and, indeed, the doll had caused them so much grief that she did n't look pretty, even to Hannah. "We only want the baby's shoes!"

"Well, perhaps mama can get them back for you; she can do almost anything," said the little girl, confidently.

So, feeling a little cheered, James Albert and Hannah went home with the children.

They lived in a house that made Hannah think of the palaces in her fairy-book, and their mother was as lovely and kind as one of the good fairies. Hannah would not have been very much surprised to see her whisk out a wand, and tap three times, and there would be the baby's shoes!

And she did do something that was almost as good as that.

After she had given them a nice luncheon, she said it would never do in the world for them to go home without the baby's shoes. So she ordered her carriage, and drove, with James Albert and Hannah, and all the children, to a shoe-store. But when they got there James Albert suddenly remembered that he had left the measure of the baby's foot in the store where they had bought the shoes; and where that was he could not tell.

Then what did the lady do but buy three pairs, graduated in size, like the porringers of the three bears, one "great big" pair (comparatively), and one "middle-sized" pair, and one "little wee" pair. And they were lovely shoes, even nicer than the pair that the children had lost.

Then each one of the children wanted to buy a present for the baby, and one bought a beautiful little white dress, and another a dainty little bonnet with white ribbons, and

another a rubber doll, that the baby could not break; and then, after a great deal of whispered consultation, they bought a big doll like Florabella for Hannah, and a jack-knife with four blades for James Albert.

It was no wonder that Hannah thought they had got into fairyland!

In the meantime the good fairy had sent a messenger to all the station-houses in the neighborhood, to give information of the children's whereabouts, because she thought Obadiah would know that those were the places to look for lost children; and when they drove back to her house, there was the wagon, with Obadiah calmly seated in it, standing before the door!

He told his adventures only after much urging and in a shamefaced way. Poor Obadiah! While the children were in the shoe-store he fell asleep, and the horses, thinking they had stood long enough, wandered along. A policeman caught sight of Obadiah and his horses,—that did not trouble themselves to turn out for anything,—and thought Obadiah had been drinking, and took him, team and all, to the station-house!

Obadiah said, "It beat all natur' that he should 'a' done it, for he wa'n't generally one o' the sleepy kind!"

Hannah and James Albert were too happy to blame him, and they tried hard not to laugh.

They had a very exciting time telling their adventures when they got home that night. James Albert would have preferred not to tell about the ragman, but of course it had to be done, and I am afraid that now the tin-peddler will never be mentioned without the ragman being brought up to offset him!

As for the baby's shoes, the great big pair were entirely too large for her, but would do nicely for her by and by; the middle-sized pair gave so much room to her toes that they might have pushed ahead too fast; but the little wee pair fitted her as perfectly as if her feet had been melted and poured into them!



THE HUNTERS OF THE INCA. (SEE PAGE 94.)

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## THE "BEN-HUR" CHARIOT-RACE.

BY BENJAMIN E. SMITH.

CERTAINLY one of the things we should not expect to see—or, at least, to see well done—on the stage of a theater is a Roman four-horse chariot-race. Yet there it is, in the clever melodrama which has been made from General Wallace's story of "Ben-Hur." For every night (and on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons) the four Arabian bays of Ilderim the sheik, guided by the heroic young Jew, are conquering the two blacks and two whites of the proud Roman Messala in a real race, which, if not as exciting as that described in the book, is nevertheless very interesting to the children, big and little, who watch it from the auditorium.

But this clever stage-picture of eight horses, very much alive, dashing along the track of an ancient hippodrome, is even more exciting when viewed from another place, into which very few of the spectators ever get. It is of this other view of it, which is unique and, in its way, very striking, and which I happen to have seen, that I shall try to give the readers of *ST. NICHOLAS* an account. First, however, a few words by way of explanation to those who have not seen this chariot-race at all. The ancient hippodrome, or circus, was an immense oblong building several times larger than the largest of city blocks, and open to the sky. The greatest of these, the Circus Maximus at Rome, measured at least two thousand feet in length by six hundred in width, and could seat, it is said, over four hundred thousand people, about as many as there are in the whole city of Cleveland.

The race-course occupied the central part of the building, and ran around a long partition-wall, the spina, the circuit of which was made by the chariots seven times. The task of the stage-manager who sought to represent a chariot-race on the stage was not an easy one. Of his difficulties, however, only one need concern us—the principal one, namely, that which

relates to the horses and that explains the part they play. It is evident, in a word, that a chariot-race on the stage, to be "real" and interesting, must, naturally, be an actual race—that is, the spectators must be able to watch it for a considerable time, long enough, at least, to feel that it is a real trial of speed, to catch the excitement of the contest, and to form some idea of who is going to win. But it requires very little calculation to show that on a stage only about sixty feet wide horses running at a racing pace would pass from side to side a good deal like a flash of lightning. It would, in fact, be more like the dash of an engine from an engine-house than a race—a great clatter of hoofs and a rush without meaning to the audience—over before it was fairly seen. Some means, in a word, must be found to make the horses race, not *across*, but *on*, the stage—to give the effect of progress without the fact.

How this is accomplished we shall see presently. It is enough to say just here that it *is* accomplished, simply and very effectively. When the scene that just precedes the race closes, the electric lights go out, leaving the theater in darkness. For a few seconds there comes from behind the scenes the heavy sound of horses in full gallop. Then the lights are turned on, and the two chariots with their eight horses are seen at the center of the stage in full career, while beyond them the crowded seats of the great circus flash past as the racers seem to rush onward. The dust flies from under hoofs and wheels, and the brightly colored mantles of the charioteers stream backward in the wind. At first—as in the story—Ben-Hur is behind; but in a moment he gives his steeds the reins and the lash, slowly gains on his competitor, and, as he comes abreast of Messala, tears off with the projecting end of his axle the nearer wheel of the Roman's chariot, throws him to the ground in the wreck,

and speeds on to the goal. There is another brief interval of darkness and a quick shifting of scenes, and when the lights glow again, Ben-Hur is seen, with his panting horses, at the end of the race, victorious and surrounded by his shouting partizans. The horses have played their part well, and deserve all the applause given them.

To pass, now, to that other view of this stage picture, let us suppose that just before all this begins, some one, sent by the manager, has taken us down the passageway at one side of the auditorium to a door behind the lowest tier of boxes. As this door swings back at our guide's "Open, sesame!" we step into another world. Instead of the richly decorated and brilliantly lighted theater with its great audience in evening dress, we find ourselves in what looks a good deal like the inside of a storage warehouse. It is a great, gaunt, open space, stretching across the entire width of the theater and extending far up toward its roof. Along its side walls are placed a great number of wooden screens covered with canvas, and all manner of nondescript objects, while pieces of odd-looking furniture, much like the remnants of an auction sale, lie here and there. Far up at the top are long rows of electric lights of various colors, between which hang strips of painted canvas.

The back wall is covered with another vast stretch of canvas, on one side of which are painted the seats of a Roman circus crowded with spectators; but big as the painting is, only a small part of it appears to be visible, for the ends are rolled up in great vertical rolls, which stand upon the floor at both sides. On what seems to be the opposite, or front, wall is another large expanse of cloth, and this, as we suddenly realize with a little shock of surprise, is the great curtain on the other side of which is that brilliantly lighted auditorium with its throng of expectant people. Can this be the stage, we wonder, which only a few minutes before we had looked at as a veritable bit of fairyland?

Meanwhile workmen in their shirt-sleeves are carrying or pushing about this, that, and the other odd-looking object; Arabs of the

desert, Jews of Antioch, and Roman soldiers and citizens are running hither and thither; and big canvas-covered frames seem to drop of their own accord from the roof; while in the middle of the stage, with his back to the curtain, stands the stage-manager, with his hat on the back of his head, apparently doing nothing but smile at the chaos.

As soon, however, as we have disentangled ourselves from the workmen and flying scenery, we perceive that there is really no chaos there. Every man knows just what he has to do, and does it on the instant. No orders are given, because none are needed, and everything moves with the precision of clockwork. All this is so interesting that only as it stops do we realize that the orchestra has been playing, that Jews and Romans are shouting alternately for Ben-Hur and Messala—in fact, that in front of a painted scene of the entrance to the circus which has been dropped across the stage about ten feet from the footlights, the play is going on, while behind this scene busy scene-shifters are getting ready for the race, which is immediately to follow.

From a new position farther down the stage, just in front of the place that will be occupied by the horses, all the preparations become visible. Men run forward and take up portions of the flooring—eight of them, revealing the same number of movable platforms, supported by heavy structures built under the stage. These platforms are like the continuous treads of a treadmill, and move upon rollers so nicely adjusted that when released from the brakes which hold them they move almost at a touch. Just back of these,—which are arranged in two groups of four each,—on a part of the floor which does not move, others place the chariots; and to the strip of solid floor between the chariots and the movable platforms, others still fasten a number of strong upright iron bars.

Before all this is fairly accomplished, the actors in the curious scene that is to follow begin to appear. From the passageway upon the right one of the fine bay horses of Ben-Hur, perhaps "Rigel," perhaps "Antares" (their names are not on the play-bill, as they ought to be), walks upon the stage, as serene and uncon-



cerned as the stage-manager himself. After him come the others, with the four of Messala, and the stable-boys who lead them (for they have their own grooms) pat their necks and stroke their noses with a suggestion of sugar-plums for good conduct—which they certainly deserve and, we hope, get. As their great, soft eyes take in the scene, gazing without the slightest nervousness at the strange sights,—the flashing lights, the shifting scenery, the bustle and the hurry,—there is in them no sign of fear that they will forget their cues or

sala, a spirited black, stands within a few inches of the painting which was mentioned as making the background of the stage. It is, in reality, a great panorama of the circus at Antioch, which, during the race, must be unrolled and drawn across the stage as fast as the horses seem to move, but in the opposite direction. For to the living audience the horses, though racing *on* the stage, must *seem* to fly past that ancient, painted audience with the speed of the wind, else the illusion of a real race would be destroyed. Now, it some-



IN THE ARENA AT ROME.

succumb to stage-fright. In fact, as we shall see, they know their part as well as any actor in the play. Quickly they are led forward, and each takes his place upon his platform, which is still securely held by the brake; the poles are attached to the chariots and fastened to yokes upon the necks of the two pole-horses; and wire ropes (not visible to the audience), connected with the harnesses, are secured to the iron bars.

And now comes a test of nerve which shows how completely these fine fellows are masters of the situation. One of the horses of Mes-

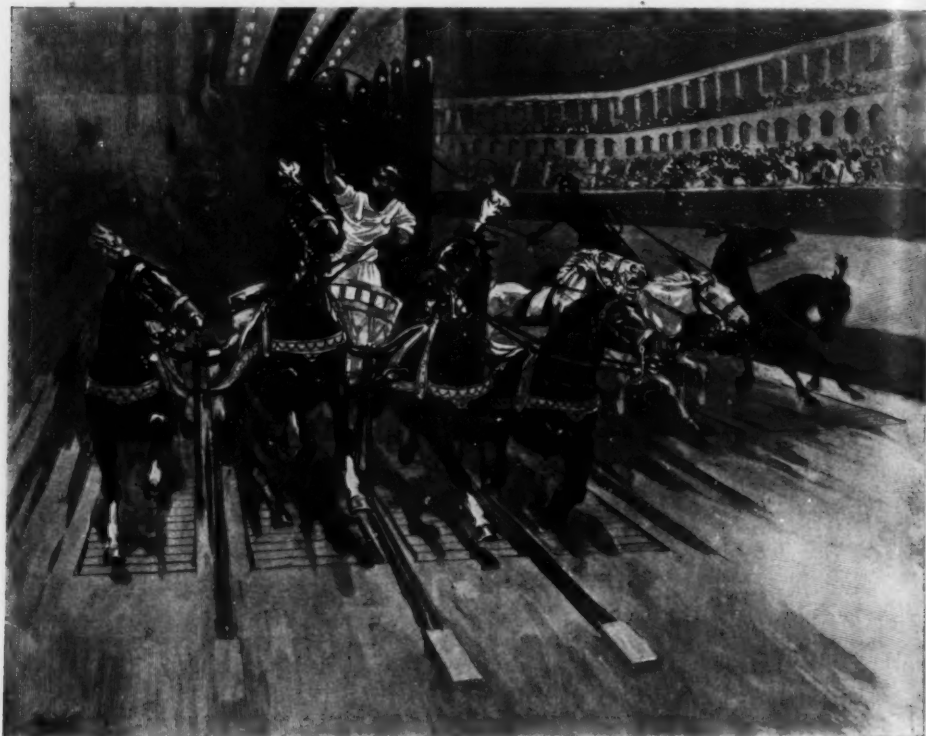
salas happens that the machinery by which this panorama is moved gets out of order, and it must always be tested at the last moment. Accordingly, without the slightest warning, this many-colored canvas begins to move swiftly within six inches of that horse's eye. He does not flinch, not even by the breadth of a hair. If, however, we imagine from this that these animals are spiritless hacks, we shall quickly be undeceived.

While all this is going on, the scene in front of the gate of the circus is in progress before the footlights, and the time for the next—the

race—is rapidly approaching. Hitherto the horses, as has been said, have paid no attention to the voices of the actors in front of the drop-scene or to the bustle around them behind it. But just as that first scene is ending one of them pricks up his ears and begins to paw the floor, and in an instant all those eight pairs of eyes are wide open, the eight heads are

excited person on the stage at that moment); "*the horses have merely taken their cue!*" They have watched for that last shout of the partizans of Ben-Hur, and as Messala immediately thereafter appears from behind the drop-scene, they know that the race is on!—for to them it is a real race, and they are eager for the fray.

At this dramatic and somewhat perilous mo-



THE RACE, AS VIEWED FROM THE STAGE OF THE THEATER.

turning nervously, and the eight bodies are trembling with excitement. The grooms take a firmer hold of the bits, and the men at the brakes bear down hard. Suddenly, without word of command or touch of lash, all of the eight horses are in the air! There is a great leap, a fierce struggle to shake off the hostlers' grasp, and a wild tattoo of beating hoofs.

"What has happened?" we shout, as we jump desperately for refuge behind something that looks like shelter, though it is only a canvas screen. "Nothing," answers the manager of this scene, at our elbow (he is the only un-

ment the cool manager of the race is in supreme command. He leans forward from his station in the wings, and, at the right instant, shouts, "Let 'em go!" The brakes are loosed, the hostlers spring back, and the horses drop instantly into their pace, and are off, as they fondly imagine, down the course. In the next moment he shouts again, varying only the pronoun: "Let her go"; and the big panorama also starts on its almost equally wild career. The stage-hands come hurrying off the stage into the wings, almost running over us as we press close to the manager in order that we

may lose no item of the remarkable scene, and all is ready for the order which will admit the audience to a share in the excitement.

Suddenly out go the lights and up goes the drop-scene, while the horses are thundering down upon us in the total darkness, only twenty feet away! Then the lights flash out again, and the audience also has the race in full view.

Not, however, the race we see; for in reality there are two, one for them and one for us.

They see the chariots from the side, as if they in fact sat in the seats of the ancient hippodrome. We, on the contrary, are standing, as it were, in the middle of the track, directly in the path of the speeding horses, whose noses we can almost touch. And the sight is, beyond question, a most remarkable one—one never beheld by any one before, unless he has had the good luck to be standing where we are now. Many have, of course, been able to see, for an instant, from a position somewhat like ours, a bunch of thoroughbreds as they flash down the home stretch for the finish. Doubtless, too, the spectators who sat at the ends of the Roman circus came still nearer to the sight as they watched the chariots speed toward them down the course. But when is it likely to have happened to any one, outside of this mimic hippodrome, to watch from a position such as ours eight horses racing neck and neck for a distance (measured by time) of

over a mile? For from the instant the brakes are loosed until the scene ends nearly three minutes elapse, and the horses are running at the rate of a mile in not very much more than two minutes.

To describe the effect of this extraordinary spectacle—the sensations that crowd themselves into that brief interval—so that the reader will grasp it, is impossible. In such a matter imagination is more helpful than words. I will only say that it is something to stir the blood with a most unwonted thrill, and to haunt the memory. At first, if one is nervous and fearful that "something may give way," one feels a decided desire to climb up into the flies. But such feelings are instantly driven away by the beauty and singularity of the picture—the splendid unfamiliar action of the charging horses, the whirling scenery, the odd stage surroundings, and the audience, dimly seen beyond the footlights, apparently applauding,—for mouths are open and programs are waving in the air,—but inaudible amid the thunder of the flying hoofs. Then, last of all, comes an intense interest in the race as a race, and as, by the action of unseen mechanism, Ben-Hur—chariot, horses, and all—slowly forges by his Roman rival and sends him and his chariot to the ground, one shouts as loudly as the Jews and Bedouins who, when the scene changes, crowd from the wings and surround the victor.

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## THE MIST-SPRITES.

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BY VIRNA WOODS.

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FROM the rivers and seas we mist-sprites rise,  
And the cities we build are clouds in the skies;  
And when we long for the earth again,  
We fall in a million drops of rain.  
If a cold wind blows through the frosty air,  
As we marshal our hosts and hurry there,  
We cover us over with coats of mail,  
And down on the earth they call us hail.  
But if to the clouds the cold wind rise,  
We turn to snow-fairies in the skies.

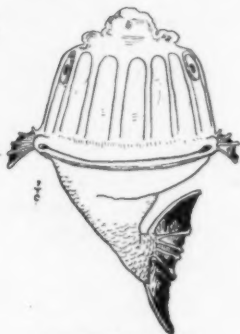
## A BAKER'S DOZEN OF WILD BEASTS.

BY CAROLYN WELLS.



THE BATH-BUNNY.

THE BATH-BUNNY is chubby and fat;  
He has citron stuck into his hat;  
And sugar is spread  
All over his head,  
But he cares not a penny for that.



THE WINE-JELLY-FISH.

The Wine-Jelly-fish will not scold  
If the weather's sufficiently cold;  
And though the queer creature  
Has scarcely a feature,  
He is proud of his form, I am told.



THE MINCE-PYTHON.

The Mince-Python's a crusty old beast,  
But a spirited guest at a feast;  
One night at my niece's  
He went all to pieces,  
Or felt awfully cut up, at least.



A LITTLE BISCUITTEN.

A little Biscuitten said, "How  
Shall I open my mouth when I meow?  
For I cannot adjust  
My crisp upper crust,  
And I don't like to wrinkle my brow."



THE CREAM-PUFFIN.

The Cream-Puffin, who lives upon custard,  
One day grew quite angry, and blustered;  
When they said, "Will he bite?"  
He replied, "Well, I might  
If you sprinkle me thickly with mustard."



THE CORN-PONE-Y.

The timid Corn-Pone-y's heart fluttered,  
But never a sentence he uttered,  
Until somebody said,  
"Pray, are you well bred?"  
And he answered, "I'm very well buttered."



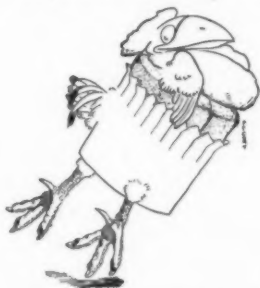
THE FLAPJACKAL.

The Flapjackal's dearest desire  
Was to lie by a very hot fire;  
When he found he was burned,  
He suddenly turned  
With a gesture expressive of ire.



THE MERINGUE-UTANG.

The Meringue-Utang rose on the sly,  
And climbed to the top of a pie;  
They beat him to froth,  
And he felt very wroth,  
But he only said calmly, "Oh, my!"



THE WHITE CHARLOTTE-ROOSTER.

The white Charlotte-Rooster averred  
At the cake-walk he 'd beat every bird;  
Of course he was whipped,  
Though he hopped and he skipped  
In a manner extremely absurd.



THE SMALL GINGER-SNAPPER.

The small Ginger-Snapper in glee  
Said, "I 'm going to swim in the sea."  
When they said, "You 'll be drowned!"  
Quite darkly he frowned,  
Saying, "That does n't matter to me."



THE TIN-CANGAROO.

There was an old Tin-Cangaroo,  
And very conceited he grew,  
For in all of the shops  
They noticed his hops,  
Which were found in the yeast he would brew.



THE STONE-CROCODILE.

On a shelf sat a Stone-Crocodile  
Who had a phenomenal smile;  
If you offered him lard  
He winked very hard,  
And he ate an astonishing pile.



## A BAKER'S DOZEN OF WILD BEASTS.



THE BREAD-PANTHER.

The Bread-Panther remarked with a scowl:  
 "I wish I could go out and prow!  
 It's so awfully slow  
 To sit here and hold dough,  
 Though it's all covered up with a towel."



THE PASTRY-CUCKOO.

Then in came the Pastry-Cuckoo,  
 And she said to the animals "Shoo!"  
 With roars of delight  
 They were soon out of sight;  
 Some ran, and some hopped, and some flew.

## CHILDREN AND COURTESY FOUR HUNDRED YEARS AGO.\*

BY ELIZABETH R. PENNELL.

If you have read—and of course you have—Stevenson's "Garden of Verse," you will remember the delightful poem of four lines that describes the "Whole Duty of Children":

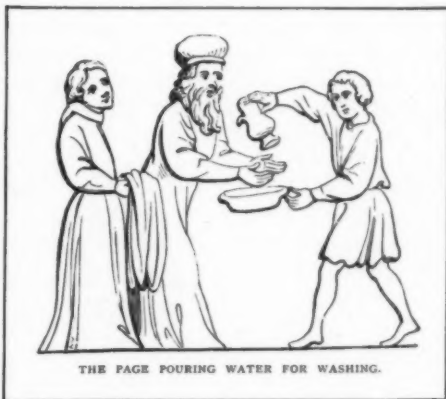
A child should always say what 's true,  
And speak when he is spoken to,  
And behave mannerly at table—  
At least, as far as he is able.

Perhaps it has made you wish that duty was such a very simple thing for young people now. I am told, but I hope it is not so, that manners, as a study, have gone out of the school course altogether, in favor of more big books and even more lessons than ever. But even in my time, which, after all, was not centuries ago, we thought a great deal about manners. I look back still, and blush all over at the thought of the weekly politeness class, when we were not only taught to "behave mannerly," but made to give examples of how to do it! Oh, that awful moment when, with almost one hundred pairs of eyes—and laughing eyes—fixed upon me, I had to get up and practise dropping a curtsy or picking up a handkerchief. I have never suffered so from stage-fright since.

But that is not what I started to write about. I wanted rather to tell you something that I fancy will surprise you as much as it surprised me. More than four hundred years ago—that is, in an age when we have a way of thinking people were shocking barbarians because they had not any railway trains, or electric lights, or telephones, or trolleys—there were Englishmen who wrote books of "Curtesie," as they spelled it then, and "Demeanour," for the young; and the funny part of it is that the rules they laid down, though longer and more elaborate, are very much the same as Stevenson's in his four lines of advice.

In those days fathers and mothers chose to provide for bringing up their own children, boys and girls both, by sending them to

the houses of great nobles, where they served as pages, or as little maids of honor, and did many things no longer included in the education of the sons and daughters of well-to-do parents. Sometimes the boys waited at table; almost always it was their duty to hand round to the great people the water and towels for the businesslike hand-washing that was then the fashion before and after meals. Sometimes they were no better than the servants of



THE PAGE POURING WATER FOR WASHING.

those times, and were set to work by a touch of the whip, if necessary.

Now, in the nobler houses there were often troops of these youngsters, and you can imagine that it was not the easiest thing in the world to keep them in order. My wonder is that the princes and nobles and prelates put up with the nuisance of it all. But they did, and no doubt it was for their own comfort that manners were more seriously cultivated than book-learning. "If you have not good manners you are not worth a fly," one of the old writers told the youths in his charge. "All virtues are included in curtesie, which comes from heaven," a second assured them. Even when children were sent to school, it was chiefly that, like the "only son of a lord of

\* The illustrations with this article are from Wright's "Domestic Manners and Customs," by kind permission of J. S. Virtue & Co., Limited, London, England.

high degree" in the ballad, they might learn courtesy!

As I have said, the rules for good manners were written; and often, that they might be the sooner got by heart, they were in verse. Later on, in the fifteenth century, a few poems of the kind were printed in books; but the greater number remained in manuscripts, fortunately preserved as treasures in the British Museum\* and other libraries until, not many years ago, a learned society called the Early English Text Society collected and published them in a big volume, edited by Dr. Furnivall, and this is how it came about that I learned about them.

The first is "The Babees' Book." In the old days children were "babees" much longer than they are now, and when poems were addressed to "bele babees," or "sweet children," they were usually intended for school-boys or the youths brought up as pages or "gentlemen henchmen" in court or at great houses. "The Babees' Book," therefore, though you might despise it for its name, is really a "Little Report" of how young people should behave.

I do not give it in verse, as it is written, because I find fifteenth-century English very hard to read, and I am sure you, too, would find it so.

"O young babees, adorned with every grace, this book is for you," says the writer, "and the only reward I seek is that it may please and improve you. It is to teach you how you who dwell in households should behave at meals, and how you should have

only sweet, and benign words to answer when you are spoken to." Does n't that sound just a little like Stevenson? And listen to what follows, and tell me if you have not heard much the same thing at home. When the "bele" or "fair babees" enter into the room, they must kneel on one knee to their lord. Of course no American babee would do that.

But wait: they must look at any one who speaks to them; they must not chatter or let their eyes wander, but answer sensibly and shortly; they must stand quietly and keep their heads, hands, and feet still. As I read this, I seem to hear a terrible voice out of the past crying out to me: "Don't wriggle!"

Other things that the babees were taught to do, children do no longer—more 's the pity! If any one older came into the room, the babees gave place to him; if any one praised the babees, they rose up and thanked him heartily; and they were continually making bows and salutations that, I am convinced, cost them hours of torture in a politeness class of their own.

And now we come to the part we cannot understand so well. For the babees were bidden to be ready to serve at the proper time—to bring drinks, or hold lights, or anything else, and so get a good name! At noon, when the lord of the household was ready for his dinner, some babees poured out water for him, others held the towel, and all stood by him until he told them to sit down. And



A KNIGHT PLAYING THE HARP BEFORE THE QUEEN AND HER LADIES.

dinner over, again the babees came with water and towels.

As for their behavior during the meal, once they had been allowed to sit down, they were told a great many things that "sweet children" are now expected to know without being told. They were to eat their broth with a spoon; they were not to lean on the table,

not to put their knives in their mouths or their living in the finest palaces and castles in the meat in the salt-cellar, not to keep all the good land—which makes a difference! After the things for themselves, not to cut their meat like knife-cleaning, they were to sit in their places



MEN AND A BOY WAITING AT A ROYAL BANQUET.

field-laborers, who, it is explained, have such an appetite they don't care how they hack their food; they were to have clean plates and knives for their cheese, which seems no more than reasonable. They were not, another writer says, to throw meat bones under the table, which suggests that most unmannerly things did go on when no one was looking. I believe the "grown-ups" often needed the same advice, for you can read in history how the rushes which covered the floor instead of a carpet, in those days, were often strewn with bones and broken pieces from the table. At the end of the

until they had washed. And the verses end with the pretty warning, "Sweet children, let your delight be courtesy, and avoid rudeness."

There are several of these poems, but in almost all the chief care is to teach the babes how to "behave mannerly at table," probably because at other times and in other places they kept out of the way of their lord and master, and there was less chance of his being disturbed. Occasionally the professor of manners reminded them that the courteous youth should get up betimes, bathe, go to church, say good morning to everybody; that



PAGES AND A MUSICIAN ATTENDING THE KING AT HIS DINNER.

meal the babes were to clean and put away their knives! I washed my own knife, and my fork and spoon too, after meals, regularly for eleven years of my life; but then I was at boarding-school, while the "bele babes" were

he should be true in word and in deed, which again is like Stevenson; that he should keep his promises, never tell tales, and always mind his own business; that he should everywhere so conduct himself that men would say of him,

"A gentleman was here." Occasionally there was a reminder that "sweet children" should walk demurely in the streets, and that they should n't have their own way in everything. But, evidently, it was hoped that once young people had learned to behave themselves at table in the presence of their lord, all else would follow as a matter of course.

Children who stayed at home were no more at ease. A poem called "The School of Virtue" gives them careful directions how to set the table, serve the dinner, clear away, fold up the cloth, and, finally, bring basin, jug, and towels for their parents to wash; and then, all things done, to make a low curtsy. "Learn all the good manners you can," the poet adds, "for Aristotle, the philosopher, taught that manners in a child are better even than playing the fiddle!"

Now that you have seen how important "courtesy" was thought to be, perhaps you would like to know how the "bele babes" behaved—or misbehaved—when they paid no attention to their lessons in manners. I am afraid bad boys have always been the same since the world began. "Don't go bird's-nesting, or steal fruit, or throw stones at men's windows; keep away from fire and water, and the edge of wells and brooks," are a few of the warnings in an old "Lesson of Wisdom for all Children." There was a writer called Lydgate, who lived just about the time some of these books of curtesie were composed, and who wrote a poem, confessing his wickedness as a boy, that gives us a better idea of what went on even then. Lydgate, it seems, was not sent to a noble's house, but was brought up by the monks and went to one of their schools. He says that until he was fifteen he loved no work but play; I think I have heard of boys to-day who have exactly his tastes in the matter. He was afraid of the rod, naturally, for it was never spared when he was a child. Little girls were then taught to look upon "sharp and severe parents" as the greatest benefit they could receive, and there is the record of one, Elizabeth Paston by name, who was beaten once or twice a week, sometimes twice a day, and on one occasion had her head broken in two or three places. Poor

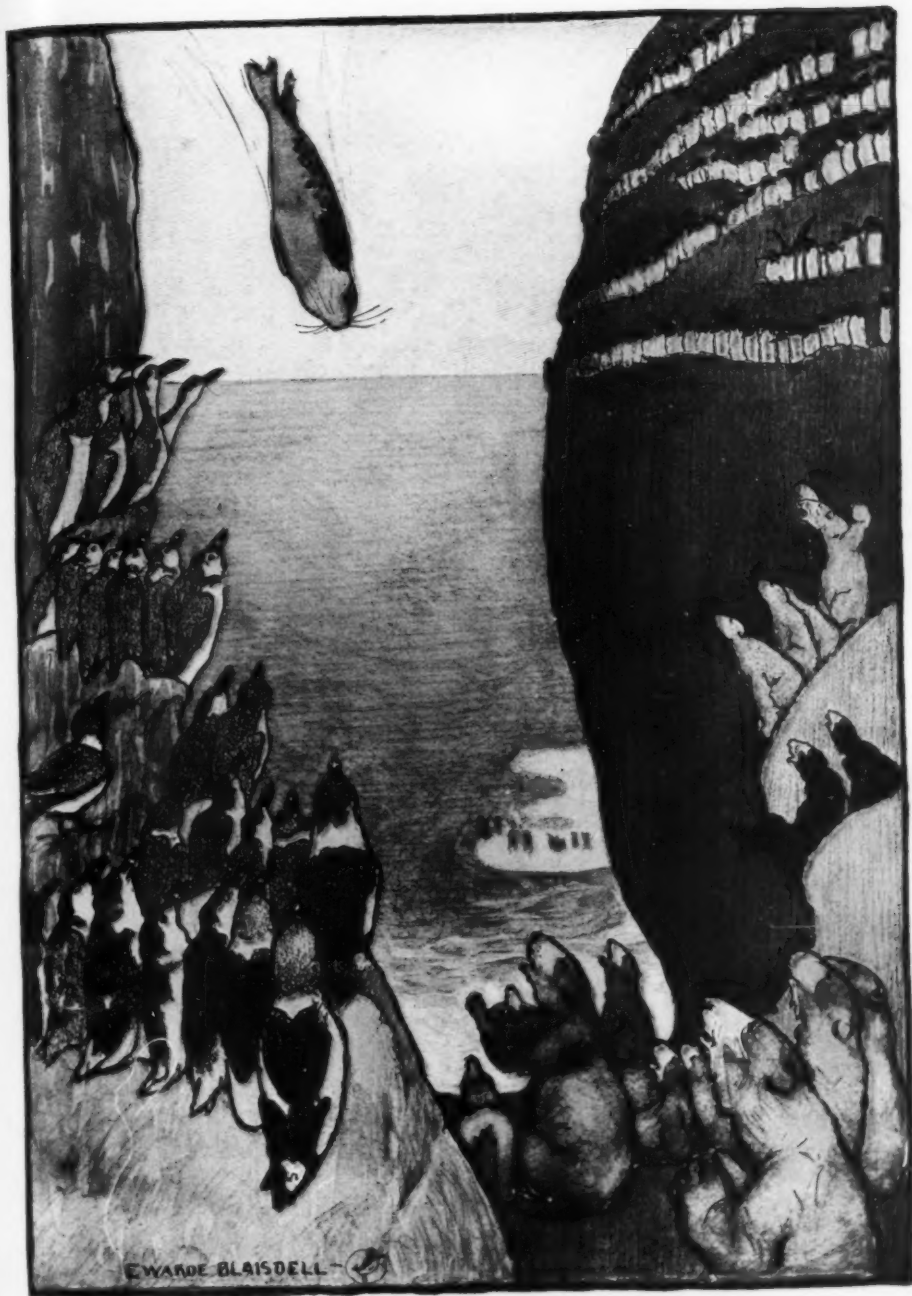
little thing! If this is the way the girls were treated, you can imagine the fate of the boys. But, fear the rod as he might, Lydgate was still late at school; he talked when he ought to have been studying; he told stories to get out of scrapes; he made fun of his masters; he stole apples and grapes; oh, dear! oh, dear!—he liked counting cherry-stones better than church; he would n't get up in the morning; he would n't wash his hands before dinner; he pretended to be ill when he was n't; he never thought of anybody when there was question of his own pleasure; and, altogether, he was about as bad a boy as could be found from one end of England to the other. I don't believe our old friend Frederick, who did so many naughty things in the nursery rhyme, was one bit worse. But, that bad boys may take heart and know that there is hope, I must add that Lydgate grew up to be a great man, whose reputation has lasted to our day, and that he wrote many poems, among them this confession of the apple-stealing and truant-playing of his school-days.

There is another poem by an unfortunate little "Birched School-boy," who sang sadly of the birch-twigs that were so sharp. Think of making a song out of your whippings! I do not doubt for a moment that he got only what he deserved, but I can't help feeling sorry for him, he is so plaintive. "Hay, hay!" he begins, "I'd sooner go twenty miles than to school on Monday!" But then, when a boy is late for school, and, asked by his master where he has been, answers, "Milk-ing ducks," what can he look for in return for his impertinence but a good "peppering" of one kind or another?

It was all very well for this little fifteenth-century truant to sigh, and wish his master was a hare, and his own book a wild-cat, and all the school-books hounds, when "to blow my horn I would not spare!" But he knew perfectly well, if he went his twenty miles, what would be waiting for him afterward.

It was for just such bad boys that babes' books and books of curtesie were written, and let us hope that Lydgate was not the only "sweet child" to profit by them—and by the birch-twigs—and to grow up to be famous.





HIGHEST DIVE ON RECORD.



JAPANESE KINDERGARTEN CHILDREN.

## THE JAPANESE "YOSHIE."

BY ANNA NORTHEED BENJAMIN.

"YOSHIE" is the Japanese word for kindergarten. No large Japanese city is without one, and the small pupils who attend them are taught exactly what American children are taught in the kindergartens in the United States. But though the instruction, the music, and the games are the same, there are many other ways in which the Japanese kindergarten differs from those in other countries. The school building is almost always of Japanese architecture, of one story, the walls of board and plaster, and the roof made with slate-colored tiles. Inside, the rooms are much larger than in an ordinary Japanese house, and the floors are covered with straw mats. In winter it is very cold, and the kindergartens are not heated as are ours. Sometimes, in the bitter cold weather, there will be nothing but a brazier—called a *hibachi*—containing two or three small sticks of charcoal to warm a large room. But the Japanese are used to the cold during the winter, and do not understand how we can be comfortable with so much heat in our houses.

The children are brought to the school in the morning by their mothers, or by an older sister, or a nursemaid named an *amah*. Before entering the front door they slip off their high wooden shoes, called *geta*, and put their feet into straw sandals. There are shelves for the *geta* at both sides of the entrance, and when these are full the little wooden shoes are laid in a neat row in front of the steps. This looks very strange to the American visitor.

When the children go inside to the large room where the circle is marked on the floor, they make a deep bow to each one of the teachers, bending their bodies forward from their waists, head and all, in the most grave and courteous manner. This is the Japanese

way of bowing, and a child is taught to do it as soon as he can walk. When, a little later, one of the girls has taken the gifts to distribute among the scholars sitting at the tables, she makes one of these low bows as she delivers the gift to each one, and receives a bow in return.

When noon comes, the children march into a long room where their lunch or *beto* boxes are laid out at each one's place, and beside each of these is a pair of chop-sticks. Each little lunch-box contains several compartments, one on top of the other, and these have been carefully filled by the mother at home, one with snow-white rice, one with some little pieces of meat or pickles to eat with it, and the third with some tiny bits of sponge-cake. Tea is made at the school, very weak, and served in small blue bowls at each place. This is without either sugar or milk, for that is the custom in Japan. No meal is complete without this tea. When the signal is given the boxes are opened, and the chop-sticks make very rapid excursions to all the eager little mouths.

The pretty dress of the children and their courteous manners make the Japanese kindergarten the most picturesque in the world. Every child is dressed in a long *kimono* of some bright colors, with flowing sleeves. Around the waist is a sash, called an *obi*. Their straight black hair is cut in fantastic ways, like that of the Japanese dolls that belong to some American children. Here are some of the pupils' names: Miss Perfume, Miss Silk Umbrella, Miss Arrow Island, Miss Prune, Miss In the Bamboo; Mr. High Tree, Mr. Mountain, Mr. Long-tail-tiger, Mr. Middle-of-the-field, Mr. Before-the-river, and Mr. Three Valleys.

Of course these names are all in Japanese, and I have given them translated into English.



## SERGEANT MCTIGUE'S TWINS.

BY LIEUTENANT CHARLES DUDLEY RHODES,  
U. S. A.

To one who had once seen them together, there could be no question that they were twin brother and sister, so marvelous was the resemblance in height, form, feature, and even in voice. When quite small, and still in kilts, they had often been mistaken, the one for the other; and it had been a common occurrence to hear, "Please, sir, I 'm not Billy, I 'm Betty"; or, "I 'm not a girl, sir. I 'm Billy McTigue, not Betty!"—this with a touch of youthful indignation.

But the resemblance ended with their external characteristics, for their respective natures differed in a very marked degree. Betty was bold and aggressive, a leader in all that she undertook; Billy, timid, retiring, and painfully sensitive to ridicule.

Thus it was that when Tommy Bowen, the quartermaster-sergeant's little son, fell through the ice on the skating-pond, Betty alone had the presence of mind to push a board forward on the brittle ice, crawl out on it, and pull the struggling lad from the water, none the worse for the ducking. Billy had stood by, horror-stricken, and when the rescue was finally accomplished, was as white as the snow which covered the prairie.

Then there was the occasion when Bessie Scott, the adjutant's five-year-old, had run a nail in her tiny foot, Betty, without waiting for

older counsels, had carefully hurried the little tot up to the post hospital, where the old surgeon had taken steps to prevent dangerous consequences. Billy meanwhile had run off to inform the adjutant, and between fright and loss of breath, had barely made himself understood.

All this had happened in the years when the twins were very small; but time had not changed the two natures in the least. Betty was a decidedly feminine little woman, and Billy a very sturdy little man, but every one said that Betty should have been a boy, and Billy a girl. One cannot account for some of Dame Nature's doings; perhaps the good old lady enjoys a little variety with the best of us. Be this as it may, despite the difference in the dispositions of the twins, their affection for each other was something it was wonderful and beautiful to behold.

None of the big boys had again dared to brave Betty's wrath, after the lecture she gave Jim Kerrigan, the ordnance-sergeant's boy, when he called Billy a "girl," and threw sand down his neck, on the way from school. And as Betty's womanly self-reliance developed more and more, while Billy's timidity and reticence daily increased, she acted the part of a mother to him—their own mother being too busy to look properly after them; and Betty's maternal solicitude for Billy's welfare was as amusing as it was touching.

And so they had grown up, before the eyes of the regiment, during the long sojourn in Arizona and New Mexico; and that soldier was a "Johnny-come-lately" who did not know all about Billy and Betty McTigue.

And now indeed had come an eventful time in the lives of the twins. Billy, having arrived at an age when his father thought he should be

doing something in the world, had been enlisted as a trumpeter to Captain Cratty, in Troop M of "Ours," and a new life opened before him.

Betty, to be sure, did not at first favor a change which would take Billy away from her care, but she was a practical little woman, and soon the reasons for the step commended themselves to her mind. Moreover, she was a soldier herself, heart and soul, and I believe she must often have envied Billy's opportunity to enlist, while she, being a girl, was debarred.

Billy had permission to visit his home at any time when not on duty, and in his neat and soldierly appearance could be recognized his twin-sister's handiwork. Never had Billy a button off his trim-fitting blouse; and such a thing as a spot on the army-blue trousers was something unheard of. Some of the "recruits" had once attempted to tease the boy about his shining trumpet, insinuating that Betty had even polished this for him; but Flatthers and some of the older men had given the jokers such a talking to as precluded any further nonsense of that character.

Time went on apace, and a year had swiftly passed since Billy's enlistment. With a natural ear for music, he had learned his trumpet-calls well, and he blew them with sensitive appreciation of their beauty. The way he blew "taps" over the grave of poor Ned Kennedy is still remembered and talked about with feeling in the regiment.

But the boy shrank from the roughness of a soldier's life, and did not seem to take kindly to the atmosphere of the barrack-room. His natural timidity made him appear more and more reserved and undemonstrative; and among the men he was more than ever characterized, in private, as a "regular sissy."

"I believe if that boy 'd see an Injun, he 'd never stop a-runnin'," old Sergeant Jewett had said; and the time came when the veteran fully expected to see his prediction verified.

Spring was beginning, and with it came rumors of general restlessness at the Apache camp down on the Red Fork; and when, one night, a telegram came from the department com-

mander, directing one troop of cavalry to be sent to Pinal to cut off some renegades who had bolted from the Agency, no one was very much surprised.

As luck would have it, the colonel selected M Troop to go, probably because it was the one longest from detached service of this character. Then, indeed, were there hurrying to and fro in the darkness between the barracks and stables, the drawing of field-rations, the packing of saddles and the loading of pack-mules, the saying of good-bys, and in a remarkably short time the troop was ready for service in the field.

But where was Billy? As Captain Cratty rode down the long line of men, "standing to horse" in front of the stables, he noticed that his trumpeter was not in his usual place behind him.

But while the troopers, left foot in stirrup, were waiting the final command to mount, up rode the familiar figure at a gallop, reining in his horse behind the captain so sharply as almost to throw the animal back on its haunches. Then, with trumpet unsung, he was just in time to give the final note which caused the long line to swing into saddle as one man. And as they successively wheeled by twos to the right, the captain and his diminutive trumpeter took their places at the head of the column, and the little command wound its way over the brown sand-hills toward the southwest, the straggling pack-mules following as fast as the experienced packers could urge them.

For an hour the column pushed on through the darkness, and then came a short halt to tighten girths and to give the horses a hearty drink from the creek—the last water in any abundance for some time to come; then ahead again for three hours with another halt. They should then, the captain thought, be near Bear Spring, where he intended to have a hasty breakfast prepared, where the smoke of the cook's fire could not be seen and would not give warning to the renegades miles away to the southwest.

Telling his trumpeter to follow, the troop commander spurred ahead to reconnoiter. Half a mile on the trail they turned abruptly



to the left, a fainter trail leading straight up to the foot of a rocky butte, where, by the light of the moon just peeping over the foot-hills, could be seen the small spring which was to contribute to the troop's coffee.

The captain dismounted, and his trumpeter hastened to do likewise and hold his commander's horse. The latter, a high-strung, mettlesome Kentuckian, champed at his bit, not at all pleased with the change of proprietorship. Small wonder is it, then, that as the trumpeter turned his back on the animal, and peered anxiously down the long slope in the direction of the column, the thoroughbred should suddenly seize the yielding campaign-hat in his strong white teeth, and with a proud toss of his head, fling it high in air.

One sudden shriek, which, strangely enough, sounded suspiciously feminine, and the trumpeter made haste to find the lost head-covering. But an authoritative "Trumpeter!" from the captain brought the soldier to attention in an instant, and then—Captain Cratty saw that it was not Billy at all. But there before him in the moonlight stood Betty, her eyes cast down, and her long golden hair, which had been knotted up under the campaign-hat, flowing over the shoulders of her blue blouse—as natty a young trumpeter as ever wore the uniform.

"Why, Betty!—what on earth are you doing here?" exclaimed the captain.

A sob was the only answer, and the bluff old trooper thought to himself that here, indeed, was a pretty state of things. But he had daughters of his own, and the soft place in his big heart softened still more as he took the bridles from the trembling girl with a kindness which was not without its effect.

"Oh, Captain!" Betty stammered, "I thought you would never know me and—and I thought it would save Billy from disgrace, and—and, oh, I am so disappointed!" And covering her face with her gauntleted hands, she sobbed and sobbed.

"Come, come, Betty, there's no harm done, I am sure; and no one shall know of it. So stop your crying, child, and tell me all about it."

"Well, sir," began Betty, gradually drying her eyes and plucking up courage, "when the order came for the troop to go out, I hustled

about and got Billy's field-clothes ready for him—he always leaves them at the house; and—and when Billy did n't come to get ready, I was just frantic for fear he'd miss going. And at last, when I'd wondered and wondered where he could be, I stole up to his old room, and there, stretched out on the bed,—oh, Captain, you won't ever tell any one!—was Billy, so white and scared-looking that he was all of a tremble. And I stole away again, and he never knew I had seen him. But how sorry I felt for him! He really is n't a coward, Captain; he just can't help it. Indeed, he's always been that way. And I thought if I could get away with the troop I could take Billy's place. I can blow the trumpet nearly as well as he can, and—surely, Captain, you would n't send me back now!"

The brave young face looked very determined as she looked beseechingly into the tall trooper's face.

"Why, Betty, you certainly cannot remain with us. You ought to know that. We may be gone for months, and may have to fight these renegades very, very soon. You can do Billy infinitely more good by going back, and sending him on to join us at once. If he does n't come he will be court-martialed, whether you go in his place or not."

This argument had an immediate effect on Betty, who dried her eyes, and picking up the broad-brimmed campaign-hat, carefully tucked away her long locks again beneath its capacious crown.

"I'll go back, sir," she said bravely. "I never thought of it in just that way."

"Spoken like a soldier," exclaimed the captain. "Now, take this side trail off to the right, and you will avoid meeting the troop. Push along hard and fast, so that you may reach the post and see Billy by daylight. Quick, now! the troop will be here in a few moments." And the officer waved her toward her horse. "Above all things, make that brother of yours reach us before we arrive at Pinal!"

Then with "Good night, sir,"—"Good night, Betty, and good luck to you," Betty's horse, holding its nose high in air as it heard the approaching troop, went galloping back with her toward the far-away army post.

A tin cup of coffee all around,—hot, though a trifle weak,—bacon and hard bread in plenty, and the troop was again ready for the march, and, if necessary, for a fight.

An hour later, as the column crossed a little valley, and began the ascent of the steep trail on the opposite side, the troop-commander glanced over his shoulder, and looked back. What was his amazement to see a mounted horseman speeding at a gallop across the sandy expanse, a glittering trumpet shining in the moonlight as it swung from the cord about the rider's body.

The captain was perplexed. Betty returning contrary to orders? No; she was too good a soldier to disobey; perhaps, indeed, she had met with some accident. Nevertheless, the troop did not stop, but, arrived at the top of the rugged slope, pushed on across the barren mesa. Ten, fifteen, twenty minutes passed, and then, galloping up past the troop to his place at the head, halting only after saluting his captain, came the trumpeter. It was the same horse surely, but on him was none other than the long-looked-for Billy. The captain and he rode to the front; and the officer saw so much shame, contrition, and suffering on the boy's face, that he had not the heart to reproach him.

"I have n't a word to say, sir," began Billy, impulsively. "I deserve a court-martial if any one ever did; but do, Captain, give me one more chance. I *was* afraid to start—it's just born in me, I guess. And I *did* hide from the men, like the coward that I was. And then, when I at last discovered that Betty had taken my extra field-uniform, I began to suspect; and, afterward, when I found both horse and trumpet gone, it all dawned upon me, and made me almost too ashamed to live. So without letting a soul know, I jumped on an extra horse, and followed the troop as hard as I could ride. Over the butte there I met Betty riding back, and she gave me the horse and trumpet."

"Let this be a lesson, Billy," said Captain Cratty, solemnly; for he felt that the boy needed no other punishment than the shame which his own weakness had caused.

"I really don't think, sir," Billy continued, after a moment's pause, "that I am a coward at heart—only I could n't help feeling the most

awful dread when I heard of our order to cut off those Apaches." A smothered sob shook the boy's frame—he was very young.

"There, there, boy, cheer up! The future is before you, and no one shall ever know of your neglect of duty. Drop back to your place now; and if we do meet those Apaches, think of the brave sister who all but went in your place."

Billy fell back to his place among the men, who fully believed that he had been with the command throughout the night; and as the dawning light made objects more and more distinct, their thoughts were fixed on the probability of cutting off the renegades, or were busy with the question whether it would be necessary to pursue them into the fastnesses of the Sierra Madre.

And so they rode, a thin, black line on that landscape of red cliffs and brown plains; riding where the dust would not rise to betray their approach—behind hills, through cañons and ravines, and around precipitous bluffs, silently, and still more silently as the day began to dawn.

And near the head rode a boy, with a dancing trumpet slung from the shoulder, and at his hip an army revolver as large as his forearm. His drab campaign-hat was pulled well over his eyes, for he was heart-heavy; but there was determination in the way he sat the saddle, and a world of resolution in his firm-pressed lips.

The little army post was bathed in summer sunshine. The grasshoppers buzzed across the parade with a lazy uncertainty of purpose, characteristic of the day, the hot glare from the adobe buildings wearied the eye, and the post-flag hung limp as a rag from the tall staff in front of the guard-house.

"Number One" felt sleepy, decidedly sleepy, as he tramped back and forth on the guard-house porch, and the carbine on his shoulder leaned in a comfortable way toward the horizontal. The old sergeant in charge of the guard, seated on the bench in the shade of the wall, was the first one to see a mounted courier as he cautiously picked his way down the narrow trail leading from the San Michel; and as he afterward sped across the plain toward the post like one possessed. The sergeant sprang to his feet, and at the sound "Number One"

wakened to a perceptible interest in things around him.

"Trumpeter Kerrigan," the veteran thundered to an individual within the building, "run across to headquarters, and report to the

that very time racing toward the approaching courier. For had she not all day been watching that far-away niche in the hills where the trail led over the divide, with the pony saddled and waiting in the little shed behind the house?

And was it not Betty herself who learned from Sergeant Jewett all the details of the fight, a good half-hour before even the colonel and his adjutant?

We struck the Apaches [so the despatch briefly ran] at Gallisteo Cañon — a larger party than was reported from Department Headquarters. Three Indians are killed, and one mortally wounded. Three escaped, and are being pursued by Lieutenant Murlin with troop, toward the Nutria. Our casualties consist of Sergeant Sullivan, wounded in shoulder; and myself, bullet through thigh, received while imprudently reconnoitering ahead of troop. Both of us doing well. Trumpeter McTigue behaved with great gallantry — without a doubt saving my life under fire. Request ambulance to be sent at once. CRATTY.

And Betty, too jubilant to remain long in one place, moved about hither and thither, with joy in her heart, and Billy's beloved name ever upon her lips.



"BUT BILLY, SEIZING THE REINS, HAD LED THE HORSE UP THE CAÑON AT A RUN, THE BULLETS FLYING LIKE HAIL."

adjutant that a courier from Captain Cratty is coming down the San Michel trail. Off with ye now, as fast your legs can carry ye!"

The trumpeter hurried away, and the guard poured forth from the guard-room to get a look at the distant horseman. Except when hidden now and then by the lay of the land, the horseman could be plainly seen galloping across the long stretch of level toward the south.

And on her fleet little pony, Betty was at

It all came out later in the oral report of Captain Cratty, who, with Sergeant Sullivan, was carried into the post a day or two later, in the Red Cross ambulance. The troop had cut the trail of the renegades at Pinal, and, turning abruptly to the left had pushed hard after them into the hilly country, the trail becoming fresher and fresher with each succeeding mile that they urged their jaded horses. When the command reached Gallisteo Cañon the pace was made

slower on account of numerous obstacles, and Captain Cratty, telling his trumpeter to follow, had trotted ahead of the main party, hoping from the cañon's mouth to secure, through his field-glasses, a view of the Indians on the plain beyond.

Suddenly a volley of bullets from the rocks on each side had come rattling down upon them without warning. The captain and his horse, both pierced by the same bullet, had rolled over together, the animal in his agony plunging and kicking. Without an instant's hesitation, Billy had pulled his commander away from the struggling horse, and, in the twinkling of an eye, had helped him on his own frightened but uninjured steed. The officer, too weak to do aught but grasp the pommel of the saddle, shouted to the boy to save himself. But Billy, seizing the reins, had led the horse up the cañon at a run, the bullets flying about them like hail, until a projecting rock interposed. One bullet had clipped the edge of the saddle, and another had ruined forever Billy's handsome brass trumpet; but the captain was saved, even if he had received a flesh wound in the thigh.

The Indians did not wait to try conclusions with the rapidly approaching troops (they had hoped to throw the party into confusion by killing its commander), but jumped on their ponies, and made off. The latter, however, ill-fed and worn out by the long flight from the Agency, could not outstrip the trooper's comparatively fresh horses. So that on the rocky hill-tops

some of the Indians were overtaken—the troopers jumping from their horses, and, carbine in hand, continuing the chase on foot. In this way, as has already been mentioned, four of the renegades had been killed or wounded, and three had escaped over the Mexican line into the Sierra Madre.

Six months later (for the mills of the government grind slowly) a medal of honor reached the little Arizona army post from far-away Washington; and in front of the entire command, one evening at dress-parade, it was pinned by the colonel on the breast of Trumpeter McTigue. And the order announcing it stated that it was presented to

Trumpeter William McTigue, Troop M, 11th Cavalry, who at the risk of his life rescued his wounded captain from under fire of hostile Apaches, at Gallisteo Cañon, Arizona, May 20, 18—.

And Captain Cratty, leaning on his cane by the gate at Quarters No. 10, knew what no one else knew, except Billy and Betty; for he knew that Billy might never have become thus distinguished, had it not been for the brave little heroine who stood at his side witnessing the ceremony with a heart overflowing with joy and pride. But the old cavalryman wished with all his heart that Betty, too, might have shared in the honor she so well deserved. And he knew that if the matter had been placed in his hands, in short order there would have been *twin* medals of honor for the McTigue twins.





### THE QUESTION COMPETITION.

In this department of the July *ST. NICHOLAS* our readers will remember that one year's subscription to the magazine was offered for the best answer to these questions:

- Who wrote "Goody Two Shoes"?
- Where was Robinson Crusoe's island?
- Which is stronger, a lion or a tiger? Which is the braver animal?
- What book was first printed in England?
- What is the origin of the expression "N. or M." in the Catechism?
- What is the meaning of "viz."? What is its origin?
- Who was "A. L. O. E."? Who was "The Country Parson"?

About one hundred and fifty sets of answers were received, according to the conditions, by the middle of August, and the result is printed here in the earliest number possible after that date.

Our readers have shown so much interest in this little hunt for information that the editor of *ST. NICHOLAS* has consented to repeat such competitions often during the coming volume, in each case offering a free subscription for one year to the successful competitor.

The questions for the next competition will be found in this department next month.

The answers in general have been excellent, and if no similar competition was to follow, it would seem a number of prizes should be given in this contest; but as the disappointed competitors will have other fields in which to display their prowess, it has been decided to give only three subscriptions, to print in full the best list of answers, and to put upon a roll of honor the names of those whose answers were especially creditable, while they failed in some respect to equal the best received.

The first prize of one year's subscription to

*ST. NICHOLAS* for the best answers to the questions printed in the July Books and Reading department is therefore awarded to:

MAY LOWE, Circleville, Ohio.

Here is her list of answers:

1. The authorship of "Goody Two Shoes" has not been positively determined, though it is believed generally to have been written, in 1765, by Oliver Goldsmith, for one Newberry, a London book-seller. Some facts brought forth in support of this belief are that at this date Goldsmith was doing some writing for Newberry, being in need of money; and that the piece accords in style with several quaint little stories published with his essays. Cunningham, however, must have thought the authorship of "Goody Two Shoes" at least doubtful, for it is not included in his four-volume edition of "Goldsmith's Complete Works."

2. Frederick A. Ober recently brought out a book in which he states that the heretofore accepted theory that Crusoe's island is identical with that of Juan Fernandez is incorrect, and that Crusoe's island is, in reality, Tobago, in the Caribbean Sea, not far distant from the north coast of South America. Acting upon this hint, and reading the story with the aid of an atlas, it becomes evident that Ober is right and general opinion wrong. Chapter III. proves conclusively that Juan Fernandez could not have been Crusoe's island.

3. When one considers the difference of opinion among famous travelers and students of natural history, it is rather difficult to determine which is the stronger, a lion or a tiger. But following up the arguments pro and con, and deducing a personal opinion therefrom, I should say that the tiger is the larger and more powerful. Although the lion is not an open foe, and is, by nature, indolent, it is the braver of the two animals; for it is almost universally conceded that the tiger is cowardly.

4. Caxton had set up his press in Westminster Abbey in 1476, and in the following year he printed "Dictes and Notable Wise Sayings of the Philosophers," which, it is asserted by many authorities, is the first book which it can be said with exact certainty was printed in England. But the first book printed in the English tongue was a translation of Raul le Fevre's work, "Recuyell of the Historyes of Troye," which he put through the



press in either Bruges or Cologne. "The Game and Play of Chesse" was the second book printed in the English language, and it is thought by some authorities to have been printed in England. The controversy among students as to which of the two works named was the first book printed in England must depend upon the decision of the controversy as to when Caxton established himself in England. If he did not go into England until 1476, the "Dictes and Notable Wise Sayings of the Philosophers" holds first place; but if, as is stated by several writers of note, he set up his printing-press in England in 1474, there can be no doubt that "The Game and Play of Chesse" was the first book printed in that country; for there can be no reason for believing that he allowed the press to stand idle for three years.

5. "N. or M.," in the Catechism, is the abbreviation of "name or names," the respondent being required to give his names, if he have more than one, or his name, if he have only one. The correct form would be "N. or NN.," the "M" being substituted, a contraction of "NN."

6. "Viz." is a contraction of "videlicet," and means, literally, "it is easy to see," but has come to be used chiefly to indicate "to wit" or "namely." Its origin is a little peculiar, viz.: in former times many words were contracted, the proper sign of contraction being "3," used as a terminal. The early printers, having no type for the symbol "3," used the letter most like it in form, and thus the word "videlicet," which, contracted, would have been "vi3," became "viz."

7. Miss Charlotte Tucker, a prolific writer of juvenile and religious books, signed herself "A. L. O. E.," that is, "A Lady of England." The date of her birth is sometimes given as 1821 and sometimes as 1830. She died in 1893, in India, where, for eighteen years, she had labored as a missionary. It is an interesting fact that she used the proceeds from most of her books for the benefit of the missions.

"The Country Parson" was Rev. A. K. H. Boyd, a most delightful writer, the author of "Autumn Holidays," "Recreations of a Country Parson," and other charming works.

MAY LOWE,  
Circleville, Ohio.

We think that our competitors, having already studied the questions and considered the answers, will see that Miss Lowe's paper covers the subject admirably, being accurate, complete, and full, though not verbose or wandering from the subjects.

The differences between the successful paper and those ranking nearest are so very slight that it has been decided to award a year's subscription each to Eleazer R. Bowie, Uniontown, Pennsylvania, and to Rachel T. Sanborn, Franklin Falls, New Hampshire. The

names of those whose answers were especially excellent are here printed on the

#### ROLL OF HONOR.

Sarah A. Ide	Martha A. L. Lane
Horatio Hughes	M. Elliott
Clare T. Beswick	Rosalie A. Sampson
Louise D. Putnam	Carroll R. Harding
Marjorie C. Hill	Alice Atkinson
Mary J. Bennett	Elsie C. Wykeham
Walter M. Kinkade	Ray A. Campbell
Canema Bowers	Emily C. Crawford
Edna C. Ogden	Leighton Miles
Mary Virginia	Albert Maxwell Small
Pritchard	Richard R. King
Helen Dutton Bogart	Beryl Fleming
	Effie Allen

Although, as has frequently been explained in regard to similar competitions, we cannot enter into any correspondence regarding the contest and awards, yet we shall take up the questions and discuss some of them, in order that the less successful competitors may see where their answers were lacking.

And first, let it be understood that in this department answers count not only in absolute correctness, but also as to their literary expression. They should be so written as to be interesting and to read well, and should tell what is worth knowing. Correctness comes first, of course, but how an answer is put is also of importance.

#### THE QUESTIONS.

##### 1. Who wrote "Goody Two Shoes"?

Nearly all answered correctly that it was attributed to Oliver Goldsmith, because published by Newberry (Newbery, Newbury) in 1765, when Goldsmith was known to be working for that publisher, and because the style seemed to be like Goldsmith's. Some said it was signed by the name Griffith (or Giles) Jones, and one quoted the catalogue of the British Museum to prove this.

One answer said it was written by an unknown author in the Middle Ages, and others said the author was Helen Gray Cone and Charles E. Carryll!

##### 2. Where was Robinson Crusoe's island?

This question was answered by very few. Nearly all took it for granted that the island Juan Fernandez in the Pacific Ocean was that on which "Crusoe" lived, simply because they had heard so. Yet even the slightest reading of the book itself shows that the island upon

which Crusoe was wrecked was on the other side of South America—north instead of west. Alexander Selkirk was not shipwrecked, and was not "Robinson Crusoe," though Defoe founded his story on the adventures of the Scotch sailor. Probably the island Tobago suits the description in Defoe's story. See the book on the subject by F. A. Ober. To name both Juan Fernandez and Tobago was not wrong. To name Juan Fernandez alone was not a good answer.

3. Which is stronger, a lion or a tiger? Which is the braver animal?

These questions admit, apparently, of difference of opinion among excellent authorities, and the best answers sent in recognized this fact. Many authorities are cited—too many to discuss here; but the weight of opinions seemed to declare the lion stronger and the tiger braver. One competitor says the gentlemen she asked all preferred the tiger, and the ladies all preferred the lion!—which is curious. Another competitor quotes the Bible (Proverbs xxx. 30): "A lion, which is strongest among beasts, and turneth not away for any." But

others tell of several lions running away from one tiger. In judging the answers, due credit was given, whichever opinion was adopted, but preference was given to answers citing authorities and giving reasons.

4. What book was first printed in England?

Here, too, is room for difference of opinion, as is shown in the winning answers. And three or four competitors claim that Corsellis at Oxford printed a book in 1468; but the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, in its article "Typography," declares that this book was wrongly dated, and should have been dated 1478, a year after Caxton's "Dictes and Sayings of the Philosophers," which is generally accepted as the book which was the first printed in England. Caxton's books of earlier date are believed to have been printed at Bruges or Cologne.

The rest of the questions, except the last, are fully answered in the winning list.

As to "The Country Parson," many writers used that sobriquet, but Andrew Kennedy Hutchison (many wrote "Hutchinson") Boyd, who died in March, 1899, was the most generally known of recent years.

## TWO BITS OF ADVICE.

BY MONTROSE J. MOSES.

On the day before Thanksgiving

The turkeys were fed

On bread

And a great deal

Of corn and meal,

Which the cook scattered round

On the ground,

And at her call

They came, big and small;

And the turkey who was leader of the band,

Fat and proud and grand,—

So fat that, the other turkeys being thinner,

The cook said, "I will use him for the morrow's dinner,"—

While they were partaking of their corn and bread,

This turkey said:

"Gobble, gobble, gobble!"

Now, on Thanksgiving day

Tommy was fed

On soup and bread

And turkey and rice,

And celery crisp and nice,

And pumpkin-pie that could n't be beat,

And lots of things that were sweet;

And Tommy's father, who was leader of the band,

Gave Tommy this command:

"Don't gobble, don't gobble, don't gobble!"





A MELODY OF OLDEN TIMES.

## AN ANGEL UNAWARES.

By J. L. HARBOUR.

"Oh, dear, dear! Some one else! What shall I do?"

Marcia Linn clasped her hands together despairingly and her eyes filled with tears. She was really greatly distressed. She was but sixteen years old, and she was the eldest daughter of a minister with a small salary in a country town. Her mother had been ill for some time, and the household duties had fallen upon Marcia's young and not very strong shoulders. Her father was hopelessly inefficient when it came to performing household duties, and Marcia had finally said:

"Father dear, it is lovely of you to try to help me out, but truly, father, you cannot

help out in any better way than by staying right in your study. You remind me of an elephant trying to make tatting, or something of that sort, when you try to do housework."

Mr. Linn laughed heartily at this, and fled precipitately, saying, as he reached the study door:

"You 'll not catch me at housework again after that comparison."

He was helpful in other ways, and Marcia admitted that the younger children were "ever so good" in their willingness to help her, but her burdens were heavy, and there was no money for servant-hire in her father's slender purse.

Now it is a well-known fact that ministers' families have "lots of company," and the Linn's were not an exception to this general rule. Sometimes Marcia declared that they entertained "a regular procession," and that they "might as well keep a hotel and be done with it."

"Well, dear," her patient and gentle father had said, "you know that St. Paul said that we should be 'given to hospitality.'"

"Yes, I know," replied Marcia, reflectively. "And was n't it also St. Paul who said that we should be 'patient in tribulation'? I guess that he had ministers' families in mind when he said that. There is certainly a good deal of tribulation about entertaining guests whose only claim to your hospitality is that they have a third cousin or a dead-and-gone aunt who was a member of your church twenty years ago!"

"Oh, it is n't often so bad as that," Mr. Linn said, with a laugh.

"Was n't it only last month that a woman came here and stayed a week on the strength of your grandfather and her grandfather having roomed together when they were at college? And did n't another woman come here with the awfulest boy that ever lived, and stay five dreadful days and nights, on the score of you having married her to her first husband? And you owned up to me that he did n't give you any fee for performing the ceremony!"

"Well, he turned out so badly," said the minister, "that perhaps she felt that I owed her something, and so she came and boarded it out."

"You are too good and too gullible for this earth," answered Marcia, with a ringing laugh. But she was not inclined to laugh at the time of the beginning of this story. She had just "got rid," as she frankly and tersely expressed it, of a troublesome and most inconsiderate guest, who had remained a week at the crowded little parsonage, basing her claim to hospitality on the fact that her uncle had once been a deacon in a church of which Mr. Linn had been the pastor.

"And she did n't even make her own bed, nor get up in time to eat breakfast with

us!" exclaimed Marcia, with just indignation. "And she wanted a fresh napkin every meal, and she asked me to send the children out of the house for two hours every afternoon while she took a nap of that duration. And I do not think that I shall ever achieve a greater moral victory in this life than I achieved when I kept my tongue still though she brought me a pair of her ripped gloves and asked me to take a few stitches in them. And now comes this!"

As she spoke, she held out a letter to her father. He took it, adjusted his glasses, and read, in cramped and peculiar writing and spelling, these words:

DERE BRUTHER LINN, i am agoing to pass threwe your Town next friday on my way to vissit some kin of Mine over in Zoar an i will stop over for a fue days vissit with your family if Agreeable. i shell enjoy talking over old Times here in Lisbon with you when you was our pasture. your preachin done me good an you didunt holler as if we was all deaf an beat the pulpit as if you had a spite agin it like your suckessor, but he means well an what he says is good. So i will be thare next friday so meat me at the trane to see about my trunk an my love to your wife. So no more at presunt from

ANN PACKER.

Mr. Linn's blue eyes twinkled as he read this letter, and a smile played around his lips in spite of Marcia's evident dismay—which was great, or her sense of humor would have caused her to shout with laughter over Ann Packer's epistle. She was not in a laughing mood, although she did smile when her father said merrily:

"I must not fail to be at the train to see about Sister Packer's trunk and her love to your mother."

"Can't you bring the love home and send the trunk and Sister Packer some place else?"

"I fear not, dear. It is some years since I saw Ann Packer, but I remember her as a good woman whom I should be sorry to offend."

"But then, one must cook and wash dishes and spend time entertaining even the best of women, father."

"I feel sure that Ann Packer will make her own bed, and that she will not ask you to do any of her sewing."

"If she does, my moral powers will weaken, and I will Packer off in haste."

"Your moral powers must be weakening even now or you would never perpetrate such a pun as that," replied Mr. Linn, giving the pink lobe of Marcia's ear a little pinch, and then stooping to kiss her flushed face, while he added: "Don't worry, daughter. Let us be 'patient in tribulation.' Sometime we shall entertain an angel unawares. I must go and tell your mother about Ann Packer."

"Well, I suppose that there is nothing to be done but to grin and bear it," said Marcia, when her father had left the room. "I may as well go and get the spare room ready for Ann Packer. I do hope that she will be less exasperating than the last occupant of the room. 'Given to hospitality' is certainly one of the enforced duties of a minister's family."

Marcia's good humor soon asserted itself, and she smiled as she recalled some of the lines in Mrs. Packer's quaint letter. The guest-chamber had been made ready for the expected visitor, and Marcia was in the kitchen mixing a pudding for dinner when her father arrived with Mrs. Packer. Marcia put aside her work and went into the little parlor, where she saw a large, round-faced, motherly-looking woman, wearing an old-fashioned bonnet, a simple brown merino dress, and a very old-fashioned black crape shawl, with fringe half a yard long. She wore black lace mitts, and her narrow strip of white collar was fastened by an enormous cameo-brooch. Her abundant black hair, well streaked with gray, was brushed down smooth and shining over the tops of her ears. She greeted Marcia with loud-voiced and smiling friendliness.

"How de do, my child?" she said. "The last time I saw you you wa' n't knee-high to a duck. I remember just as well the day you was born! Susan Peek come over to my house and told me about it, and I remember of sending your ma a glass of my currant jell' and you a pair of little blue-and-white baby socks. You moved away from our town when you was still a tiny baby, and I 'a'n't laid eyes on you from that day to this. You favor your ma a good deal, as I remember her. Pa tells me that your ma is sick. I'm real sorry to hear that. I would n't have stopped off here if I had knowed that. But mebbe I can do

something for her or help you out in some way. I'm used to all kinds of sickness, and they always sends for Ann Packer in any time of sickness or trouble of any sort, back where I live, and I always go and help out, and it's a real pleasure to be able to do it. You just show me my room, and I'll git into my working clothes, and then you set me to doing something."

"Would n't you like to lie down and rest until dinner-time?" asked Marcia, her heart warming toward this rare type of visitor.

"La, no! I never was a person who could lay down in the daytime. Then, I ain't a mite tired. The car-ride over the country was so pleasant I just enjoyed every mile of it. Seems like I never saw the country so beautiful as it is now. I fell in with some real pleasant folks on the train,—I always do when I travel,—and we visited and chatted together and enjoyed ourselves until I was real sorry when my journey was at an end. Now I'm goin' to git on another dress and an apron, and whirl right in and help you out someway. You show me where things are, and I'll git dinner if your ma needs you. Now you go right off to your study, Brother Linn. Don't you for one minute think that you've got to set round and entertain me."

She gathered up her numerous pieces of hand-luggage as she spoke, and she said, as Marcia led the way upstairs:

"I got a lot o' things here for your little brothers and sisters—some toys, and a bag of bananas, and another of candy, and a dozen oranges. They had such elegant oranges over in Springfield, where I changed cars, and I thought it likely that you could n't git anything like them in this little town, so I fetched you some."

"Oh, I am so grateful to you!" replied Marcia. "Mother said this very day that there was nothing she would enjoy so much as a real good orange. We sent out, but we could not buy one in this town."

"Well, now, wa' n't it just providential that I bought that bag of oranges over in Springfield? Then, when I was packing my trunk I slipped in three or four glasses of my quince and currant jell', and a couple of bottles of my



grape-juice. I knowed they could be used in a minister's family, and it was real providential about the grape-juice, for there ain't anything so nice to have in case of sickness—so refreshing and stimulating. How glad I am that I fetched it! Wish I'd brought more. I reckon mebbe you'll think that I thought that you did n't have anything to eat; but when I made up a batch of sugar cookies for me to have some to carry with my lunch, I baked three or four dozen extra to fetch to the little folks here. Children think so much of such things. I've got them and half a loaf of some fruit-cake I made last Thanksgivin', and a little bag of my preserved and dried citron, all in this box. Then, I thought that like enough the children would 'preciate some of my candied-ginger and some of my sundried cherries. I have just bushels o' cherries on my place, and I have found out a way of dryin' them with sugar sprinkled on 'em, so that they 're kind o' sticky and moist, and children love 'em. I fetched you a gallon or so of 'em. And I'll bet you'll laugh when you know what I've got in this big white box. You can't guess."

"No, I am sure that I cannot."

"I reckon you can't. Well, I've got not only a dozen eggs, but I've got the hens that laid 'em! Yes, I *have*! I expect to be away from home six or eight weeks, and I had these eggs in the pantry, and I wa' n't goin' to leave 'em there to spile. Then it just come across me that I might as well kill my two hens and fetch 'em to you as to leave 'em at home for the neighbors to look after. They 're young and fat, and if you say so I'll whirl in and make up a big chicken-pie to-morrow. They say over where I live that I can make the best chicken-pie of any one in the town."

Chicken was a rare luxury on the minister's table, and Marcia's skill as a cook did not include a knowledge of how to make chicken-pie, therefore she said:

"Thank you very much, Mrs. Packer. Father was saying yesterday that he would like to have some old-fashioned chicken-pie, and I do not know how to make it, even when we have chickens, which is not often. Father would enjoy your chicken-pie."

"He dunno what 's good if he don't! It's real providential that I put in them chickens. I put a quart jar of maple-syrup, wrapped in about forty layers of rags, in my trunk, and we'll have some feather-light flannel cakes some mornin' for breakfast. I can make flannel cakes that won't set any heavier on a body's stomach than so much whipped white of egg. What a cozy, tidy little room this is! You must be an awful smart girl for your years to keep this house lookin' so nice and tidy, with your ma sick. But you look a little peaked, and you've got to let me take hold and do the work while you go off and play. I'm a three-hoss team when it comes to house-work!"

In less than half an hour Mrs. Packer was in the kitchen, arrayed in a spotless calico dress and a big blue-and-white gingham apron, paring potatoes, while her nimble tongue ran steadily and cheerily. She had made a call of five minutes on Mrs. Packer, and had quite won that lady's heart in that brief time. She cheered Marcia by saying, as she pared the potatoes:

"Your ma will be around soon. I tell you one thing she needs that I'll do for her if she'll let me. You know that doctors nowadays set a good deal of store on rubbin'. Massawge, some call it, and whatever they call it, it is a good thing, and I know the gen'ral principles of it, and I'm well and strong, so if your ma will let me, I'll rub her right up on her feet. You ain't the stren'th to do it. Your pa 's no sick-nurse—not meanin' any disrespect, but you know these literary and scholarly men like your pa ain't no more 'count in a sick-room than an old hen would be, no matter how well-meanin' they are. I'll bet you a penny that I take your ma out for a drive within a week."

This prediction was fully verified. It had been a cheery and happy week in the little parsonage. Ann Packer had fairly radiated cheerfulness and merriment. She was the soul of good humor, combined with such good common sense that she seemed to know just what to do under all circumstances. She "took right holt," as she expressed it, and she darned and mended, she cooked and ironed, she swept

and baked. She nursed Mrs. Linn in a way that won the highest praise from old Dr. Smythe. She told stories to the younger children, and she kept the entire household

planned to stay but three days, but it was three weeks before she left the Linn home, and there were tears of real regret when she went away—she had brought so much cheer, so much comfort, so much happiness, into the home.

"I have had a real good time," she said, "and I do think that it was real providential that I come just when I did, so that I could be so useful. It has been a real joy to do for your ma, and to see her looking so well now. I lot on stopping off and having another little visit with you on my way home, and I'm bound that Marcia shall go on home with me. I know all the young folks in the place, and she would have a real nice visit. Folks would be real pleased to see their old minister's daughter, for they thought real well of you, Mr. Linn, they did so. There 's one thing about me goin' a-visitin': I know that I don't make anybody no trouble."

"Trouble?" said

Mrs. Linn. "Oh, Mrs. Packer, you make so much happiness!"

"I want to, Mary Linn, I do so. There ain't anything in this life any better than creatin' happiness. Well, good-by, and God bless and keep you!"

"Dear, good soul!" said Mr. Linn, with moist eyes. "I told you, Marcia, that sometime we should entertain an angel unawares."

"Yes, father; and your prophecy has already been fulfilled."



"'YOU 'LL LAUGH' WHEN YOU KNOW WHAT I 'VE GOT IN THIS BIG WHITE BOX.'"

amused from morning until night. When she heard that there was to be a picnic during the week she said with decision:

"Now, Marcia Linn, you are going to that picnic and have a good time. I will be right here to get dinner for your pa and the little folks, and to look after your mother. You are going."

And Marcia went, and came home radiant with happiness because of the happy, free-from-care day she had enjoyed. Ann Packer had

# NATURE AND SCIENCE

FOR YOUNG FOLKS

Edited by Edward F. Bigelow.

## YOUNG FOXES.

THE chance to watch young foxes at play in the woods—and there are few sights more fascinating—is not so difficult a thing as one would suppose. This spring I found two dens within a mile of a city of twenty thousand people; and it is safe to say that within easy walking distance of every New England town one or more pairs of foxes build their den and raise their little ones every year.

The best way to find a den is to ask



"SUDDENLY YOU SEE YOUR FOX JUST AHEAD,  
SAILING OVER THE WALL AS IF THE WIND  
WERE BLOWING HIM." (SEE PAGE 76.)

the hunters first, then the farmers' boys. Every den has a main entrance, with all the earth from excavation scattered about its front door. That is to mislead you; the foxes seldom use it. And sometimes, indeed, it is closed altogether six feet underground. Ten feet away, hidden behind gray rocks or in a thicket, are other entrances, one for daily use, and one for danger generally. The hole is larger than that made by skunk or woodchuck, and a fox's workmanship is always neater than theirs.

There are three ways of telling whether there are any foxes at home.

First, examine the soft earth about the en-

trance carefully. Tracks like a small dog's, but narrower in proportion, and more dainty! That's suspicious.

Second, examine the sides of the hole sharply. Here, clinging to a point of rock, is a long yellowish hair, which is crinkled in the middle; and there, trailing from a root-fiber, is another. There was a fox in here once.

Third, put your nose down deep into the hole and take a whiff. Waugh! a nauseating odor, strong and rank, the unmistakable odor of carnivorous youngsters. Now you are sure there are foxes there. You can come almost any bright morning or afternoon and watch them from a distance playing like kittens.

Before they are grown they will show you twenty curious tricks. One den, which I discovered on a great, lonely hillside, had only two cubs, but they were the most inventive I have ever watched. One afternoon, while I watched through a hole in the wall at the foot of the hill, both cubs came out, and after watching and listening, to be sure nobody was about, one curled up in a ball and went rolling downhill. The other ran after him, scrambling, barking, worrying his brother as if he were a woodchuck trying to get away.

Both ran back in a moment, in a desperate fright at finding themselves so far from their den. They went straight to a bush; and then I saw for the first time the keen face of the old mother. She was lying hidden under the

bush, just nose and eyes showing, watching gravely the antics of her little ones.

Something—a flying grasshopper, I think—flashed by them. Instantly both crouched and began to creep. I watched through my



YOUNG FOXES AT THE MOUTH OF THE DEN,  
WAITING FOR DINNER.

glass. They stalked the grasshopper exactly as they would stalk a rabbit later, creeping from bush to stone, from stone to tuft of weeds, behind their game, until within springing distance. They caught him, too, for in a moment one was crouched with something between his paws; and the mother came over to see what it was.

You are fortunate indeed if you follow the



THE MOTHER FOX SEEKING THE DINNER.

cubs long enough to see them make a try at their first rabbit. Generally they miss him; for bunny knows a thing or two—when to run, and when to dodge, and when to sit still. But whether you see this or not, you can read all about it in a wonderful book. Follow the tracks after the first good snow, and you will learn to read many things more interesting than any written here.

If you follow far enough, you may see an unexpected end to your trailing. Suddenly you see your fox just ahead, sailing over the wall as lightly as if the wind were blowing him; and then, when you follow his back track, you find that he has been curled up on a warm rock in plain sight, watching you the past half-hour, until you came too near.

WILLIAM J. LONG.

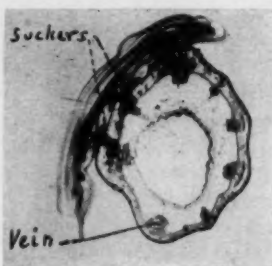
#### HOW THE DODDER ROBS THE GOLDENROD.



DODDER IN BLOSSOM ON THE GOLDENROD.

THIS autumn, when picking goldenrod, look for the coarse, yellow threads of the dodder, or bindweed, which often wind tightly about its stem. In August and September you will find its waxy white flowers forming clusters close to the stem of the goldenrod, far below its own yellow tufts. On the willows also, and the jewel-weed, you will often see the same clinging threads of the clinging bindweed.

This leafless yellow thread is one of the most expert of nature's parasitic plants—that is, a plant that feeds on another. A careful search shows that it is not rooted in the ground, but in the stem of the goldenrod. If you gather the seeds of the dodder in October or November, and put them on moist sand, in a tumbler covered with a piece of glass, you will learn in a few weeks that it begins its peculiar method of feeding very early in life. On com-



SUCKERS OF DODDER IN THE STEM OF THE JEWEL-WEED.

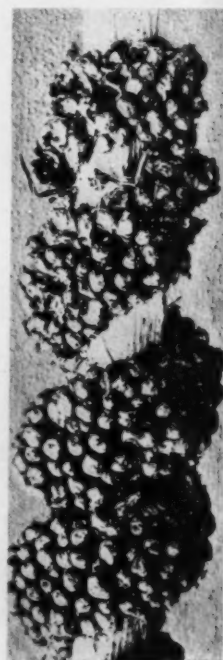
grows first this way, then the other, and dies off behind to grow farther in front, then rears upward and waves about in the air till it finds its prey. When found, the victim is embraced in its clutches, to be released only at the death of the dodder. You may readily watch it attack a seedling bean grown in the same tumbler with it.

The dodder feeds on other plants besides the goldenrod, and it seems to know just where to find the life-blood, or sap, of its prey; for if you cut across the stem of the goldenrod you will find that the dodder sends its grasping roots, or suckers, straight to the veins of its victim. To these they cling even when the dodder is burst asunder by the growth of the goldenrod; and then each bit, taking food by its own suckers, forms its flowers and ripens its seeds, to produce in the following summer another generation of pilferers like itself.

The dodder has been called "fragments of a silken net," and so it seems in the bright autumn meadows, when ironweed and goldenrod are at their best.

DUNCAN S. JOHNSON.

ing from the seed it does not attempt to establish itself in the ground, as any self-sustaining plant would do, but from the first it literally goes about seeking a victim. It



SEED BOXES OF THE DODDER ON THE STEM OF THE JOE-PYE-WEED.



## SKILFUL AND BEAUTIFUL NET-WEAVING.



WEB OF ORB-WEAVER SPIDER, PHOTOGRAPHED IN EARLY MORNING WHILE THE DEW WAS ON IT.

"FROM what foreign country did this beautiful net come?"

"Will you tell us about the strange people that do such nice weaving?"

Yes; it is, indeed, beautiful, ingeniously made, and comes from a country that, in a sense, is "foreign" to many people—the realm of nature's wonders near at home! This is a photograph of the net made by the orb-weaver spider, and we can find many by the roadside,

on the framework of an old bridge, or in the fields on bushes and fences, and in other places, but rarely are they as perfect as this one.

The outer part of the framework is irregular, depending on the positions of the various objects or parts of a structure to which it is fastened. The central part is regular. From the center of the net are lines radiating like the spokes of a wheel. These are dry and inelastic, as are the outer supporting lines. On this radiating structure are the circular lines, that are sticky to catch the spider's prey, and are elastic so as not to be easily broken by the struggling captive insect.

Some of the orb-weavers strengthen the nets by a zigzag ribbon of minute threads across the cen-

ter. Some kinds of orb-weaver spiders live in the center of the net, hanging head downward. Others have a retreat near one edge of the net, in which they hang back downward, holding a few lines leading to the main structure of the net so they can at once feel any jar caused by an insect striking against the web and becoming entrapped. Thus the spider has a sort of telegraphic line from her traps to her home.

"How does she avoid getting entrapped herself?" do you inquire? Because she knows better than to step in her own traps, but walks on the firm lines that are not sticky. A spider thrown into her own web or that of another spider so as to strike against all lines, becomes entangled nearly as readily as a fly or grasshopper. Of course she will free herself more easily than other insects, because she is used to the web. When the sticky lines are first spun, the viscid matter forms a continuous layer on the outside of it, but soon breaks up into bead-like masses similar to the manner in which moisture on a clothes-line in a foggy day collects into drops. The webs are beautiful at all times, but especially so when they are covered with dew and the sun shines on them. Then they sparkle like magnificent pieces of jewelry.



NOVEL FORM OF SPIDER'S WEB, HANGING LIKE A BASKET WITHIN A DECAYING TREE.

## FEEDING AND WATCHING SNAILS.

On a pleasant day last spring, a party of boys and girls in St. Paul, Minnesota, went hunting for some land-snails; and a grown-up friend, Mr. D. Lange of that city, sends a very interesting account of the trip and its results. The accompanying illustration is from a photograph sent by him.

The party had to search with great care under the sticks and dead leaves in the woods. While the young folks were thus engaged, there was a gentle shower, and soon the stones, sticks, and leaves were quite wet; then the snails crawled slowly out of their hiding-places and over the rocks and leaves.

Several were secured and placed in a wide-mouthed glass jar, which served well as a snail-house. Lettuce-leaves were placed in the jar, which was left uncovered on the table, as it was thought the snails would not crawl out over the paraffin lining at the edge of the jar. For a few days this did serve as a fence; but one night, when they had eaten all their lettuce, one crawled out.

It was soon learned that a snail requires a moist surface on which to crawl. If it is not wet the snail must moisten its path with a slime that it makes for that purpose. So the snail will not go far on a dry surface. For this reason the snail travels chiefly in rainy weather, and can then be found most easily.

Various leaves were offered. They preferred lettuce, but would also eat cabbage; and they were often watched with much interest, as they would eat large holes into the leaves.

It was soon found that they would try to run away if the jar was left uncovered, so their glass house was covered with perforated paper. During the evening, after the lights were out, there was a peculiar rasping sound, similar to that made by mice gnawing, but not so loud. It was discovered

that the snails were "breaking out" by rasping large holes through the paper door of their house. After this the young folks covered the jar with mosquito-netting, held in place over the top of the jar by a rubber band. To the lower side of this netting the snails would often attach themselves, and the movement and structure of their mouth parts could be plainly seen as they tried to cut the threads; but they never succeeded in this attempt, although they would easily perforate three sheets of common writing-paper. The food leaves and the inside of the jar were kept well moistened so the snails could travel easily, and they moved slowly about, carrying their shells, and finding their way or searching for food with their "feelers," at the ends of which are their eyes. These seemed not for seeing, but for touching.

When the jar was not kept moist the snails withdrew into their shells and closed the "door" by one or more films.

They were frequently taken out and the jar cleaned, so that no stagnant water was allowed



THE SNAILS AT DINNER

to accumulate in their glass house. Nearly all will be returned to the woods, but three or four will be kept over winter; and these are to be placed in a cup with leaves in a cool room. There they will remain undisturbed from the first cold days of November to the first warm days of April.

Snails may be found in the autumn, under boards, stones, and leaves, even as late as the last of November. Of course it is very difficult to obtain them after the ground has become frozen or covered with snow. Then they have

entered on their long winter sleep, just where they happen to be when cold weather sets in. The shell is probably not so much for protection from enemies as for keeping the little moist animal from drying up when there has been no rain for a long time.

In keeping these snails in past winters, it has been found that they are very hungry in the spring, after their long sleep, and are as eager for their first lettuce-leaves as — well, as eager as the boys and girls for the contents of their lunch-baskets after a long tramp at a picnic.

## FROM THE SHARP-EYED GIRLS AND BOYS.

### HAVE NO "EYES," YET NOT BLIND.

In that very interesting book, "A Rambler's Lease," the author, Bradford Torrey, expresses sorrow at the unwise repairs of the roads in his native country village, which he visits occasionally in his ramblings. He regrets that while the workers improve the traveling surface of the road, they injure the beauty by cutting down the natural picturesque borders of shrubs, small trees, and vines.

"What a short-sighted policy it is that provides for the comfort of the feet, but makes no account of those more intellectual and spiritual pleasures which enter through the eye!" He concludes that, after all, this unwise road-repairing may be for the greatest good of the greatest number, for "while all the inhabitants of the town are supplied with feet, comparatively few of them have eyes!"

I hope all St. NICHOLAS boys and girls have eyes, in the sense that the author means, and know how to use them.

### BEETLE HUNTING-GROUNDS.

CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Last summer, with a young lady who is a friend of mine, and is very much interested in nature study, I spent a great deal of time studying beetles. On the farm where we were was a place where there was once a sawmill, and in the rotten logs we found a great many beetles of all kinds and sizes. Once, as we were walking in the lane, we noticed a long tree-trunk half buried. I ran back for the hatchet, and in the log we found the best specimens of beetles I ever saw. We found some little bits of beetles,



THE LITTLE  
SNAPPING-  
BEETLE.



THE "EYED" ELATER.

and one or two eggs, and some large beetles.

We also had a breeding-cage and watched grasshoppers lay their eggs.

IRENE CRISLER.

A decaying log or stump is a "treasure house" for many interesting specimens of beetles (*Coleoptera*), of which perhaps the most interesting is the "eyed" elater (*Alaus oculatus*), which is the largest of the family of "click-beetles" or elaters. This is the great pepper-and-salt-colored fellow so familiar to us all, with its two large, black, velvety, eye-like spots, which are, however, not its true eyes. We may easily believe that nature has made these make-believe eyes to frighten away the enemies of the elater.

There are more than five hundred kinds of click-beetles in North America alone. Not all are in decaying wood, but many live in the ground, and feed on seeds and the roots of grass and grain.

The little "snapping-bug" is well known to all our young folks.

Professor Comstock evidently writes from memories of boyhood days in stating the following:

There is hardly a country child that has not been entertained by the acrobatic performances of the long,

tidy-appearing beetles called snapping-bugs, click-beetles, or skipjacks. Touch one of them, and it at once curls up its legs, and drops as if shot; it usually lands on its back, and lies there for a time as if dead. Suddenly there is a click, and the insect pops up into the air several inches. If it comes down on its back, it tries again and again until it succeeds in striking on its feet, and then it runs off.

We remember well carrying these creatures into the old district schoolhouse, where all lessons had to be learned from books, and where nature never had a chance to teach us anything. Here, with one eye on the teacher and one on this interesting jumper laid on our book behind the desk, we found a most fascinating occupation for the tedious moments. But the end was always the same: the beetle jumped so high that it betrayed us and was liberated, and we were disgraced.

#### REGARDING A PET WOLF.

GRAY HORSE, O. T.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My playmate has a pet wolf of the coyote species that was caught by an Indian boy. The coyote-wolf, prairie-wolf, or coyote, as it is often



THE COYOTE OR "BARKING WOLF."

called, burrows in the ground, where it lives and stays through the day, and there the young are reared. When this little wolf referred to was caught, the Indian boys killed its mother and then dug up this little fellow, together with three or four sisters and brothers, and brought them in for sale, as pets. My little playmate's parents bought this one, and my little playmate and myself had great times making friends with it and teaching it how to drink milk. Of course it was very timid and shy at first, and for two or three days would eat nothing at all; but we would dip our fingers in warm milk and then let it suck our fingers, and in this way it became very friendly, though when we first attempted to go near it, it would snap and snarl at us, and displayed a very vicious nature. Soon it came to know my little playmate, and afterward became a very affectionate pet; but to strangers and to the other domestic pets it would never be friendly, and would always rather sneak away by itself than to stay around and be sociable. It was always very fond of fresh meat, and finally became very mischievous, catching and killing little chickens. It also bit my playmate once or twice, though not severely,

so it was decided best to give him away. This was done, and we learned that soon after it died. We did



THE COMMON WOLF.

not grieve over it very much, because it was not nearly the comfort that a great many other wild pets are.

Yours sincerely,

HELENA HUFFAKER.

This letter will be especially appreciated by our young observers in view of the interest that has been aroused in wolves and their kin by the writings of Ernest Seton-Thompson, who drew the illustrations of wolf, coyote, and jackal on this page, and has written so much about wolves, and made so many pictures of them, that he is often called by his friends "Wolf Thompson."

The biography of "Lobo," the king wolf, in "Wild Animals I Have Known" is extremely interesting.

See the wolf pictures drawn by Mr. Thompson on pages 654 and 657 of the "Century Magazine" for March, 1900. You will be interested in the whole article, "The National Zoo at Washington," and especially in the touching story of the wild hunting song of the wolves, coyotes, and jackals on page 10 of



THE JACKAL.

the "Century" for May, 1900, concluding the second part of the article relating an evening interview with the animals at the zoo.

## A GEORGIA BIRD OBSERVER.

ATLANTA, GA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am very much interested in birds, and have seen many this season. I think the scarlet tanager and the rose-breasted grosbeak are the



THE YELLOW-BREASTED CHAT.

prettiest. I never saw a bird act so strangely as the yellow-breasted chat. He almost turns over in the air.

A Carolina wren has a nest, with young in it, on a shelf under our house, and I watch the old birds carry worms and grubs to their babies. Does this wren build a new nest for each brood, or does it fix up the last year's nest?

EARLE R. GREENE.

The Carolina wren is the largest of the family, and in the volume and variety of its notes and length of its song-season surpasses all other wrens. He is often called the mocking-wren, though many ornithologists tell us that the varied songs are his own and not imitations.

Some notes have been said by a Southern poet to sound like "sweetheart, sweetheart, sweet!" He sings so loudly that one expects to see a much larger bird, apparently trying to attract attention, but not easily seen, as he often darts quickly about in the underbrush. In his "loud, rolling whistle and warble, and jocund calls and salutations," he reminds us of the yellow-breasted chat which our young friend mentions in his letter, and the chat is known to observers farther north than is the wren.

The chat is the largest member of the warbler family, and has such a jumble of whistles, parts of songs, chucks, cries, barks, quacks, whines, and wails that, together with his conspicuous yellow breast, have given him the name "yellow mocking-bird." With his varied vocal feats, he performs clownish antics, making altogether a very entertaining bird.

Mr. Burroughs thus describes the bird's strange medley: "Now he barks like a puppy, then quacks like a duck, then rattles like a kingfisher, then squalls like a fox, then caws like a crow, then mews like a cat. . . . C-r-r-r-r—whrr—that 's it—chee—quack, cluck, yit-yit-yit—now hit it—tr-r-r-r—when—caw—caw—cut, cut—tea-boy—who, who—mew, mew."

If you doubt that the chat says all this, and does the funny things our young correspondent describes, find it, listen and watch carefully.

Dr. Eugene Edmund Murphey of Augusta, Georgia, a well-known ornithologist, answers the question about the nest, and adds regarding the chat as follows:

"The Carolina wren builds a new nest each season, but seems to become very much attached to localities, building often within a few yards of the nest-site of the year before.

"The 'strange actions' of the yellow-breasted chat referred to are very characteristic of the bird. A chat will work his way little by little to the very top of some tall tree, generally



THE CAROLINA WREN.

a sweet-gum or tulip, and then launch himself out into the air with his wings raised above his back, parachute fashion. As he descends, his wings and tail are jerked up and down, and at every jerk a loud, discordant note, sounding like 'tat-tat-tat-tat,' is uttered, and keeps up until the ground is reached. This performance is evidently done in sheer playfulness."

Another eminent ornithologist reports that one pair of Carolina wrens built three nests in one season, raising a brood in each.





CHILL winds lie hiding by the way  
To catch the school-boy hurrying by.  
He heeds them not; his heart is gay,  
For lo! Thanksgiving day draws nigh.

November brings us the first real holiday—at least, the first that we celebrate with warm fires and good things to eat, and these are the best part of all holidays except those that come in summer vacation. We can celebrate two things this year. We can have the usual Thanksgiving offerings and feast (not forgetting our poor neighbors around the corner); and then we of the League can celebrate the fact that our organization has completed its first year, gaining strength and purpose with each month of its progress.

It has not seemed a long year, perhaps because it has been such a busy one, for we are sure that those League members who have

sent something almost every month (and there have been many of these) have not wasted much time in idleness. It would be useless to attempt to give any estimate of what has been accomplished, except in individual cases, and this would not be fair to the others. The work of all has been so good, and the progress of nearly all so rapid in everything undertaken, that many of those who began crudely are almost in the professional ranks to-day.

It is to be regretted that now and then some one has sent work that was not original. The rules are very clear on this and other points, and if read carefully cannot be misunderstood. It is hardly possible to believe that any child would wish to deceive, or, if so, would expect to escape the unpleasant results that are sure to follow. It is not difficult to mislead trusting parents and secure their in-

dorsement, nor is it hard to deceive the editors, who could not possibly read and remember all that has been written in the world, and are used to unusual and even startling excellence in the work of children; but it is utterly impossible to deceive the thousands of League members and readers who stand in judgment each month upon the contributions of their fellow-workers. The single instance of this sort (referred to on an-



"A COUNTRY ROAD." BY MADGE SMITH, AGE 12. (GOLD BADGE.)

other page) was immediately brought to our attention by people in all parts of the world. Let us hope that every child, whether talented or not, will at least begin his or her work industriously, perseveringly, and, above all, honestly.

#### PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 11.

In making the prize awards the contributors' ages are taken into consideration.

**POEM.** Gold badges, Theodore Kellner (age 12), 2512 Brown Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and Floy De Grove Baker (age 8), Milburn P. O., Wyoming, New Jersey.

Silver badges, Alice May Fuller (age 16), 563 Fifth Street, Brooklyn, New York, and Elsie L. Williams (age 13), 111 Fountain Place, Ithaca, New York.

**PROSE.** Gold badges, Harold S. Deming (age 16), South Woodstock, Connecticut, and Lucius A. Bigelow, Jr., the Westminster, Boston, Massachusetts.

Silver badges, Mabel L. Parmelee (age 12), 128 Main Street, Oswego, New York, Helen W. Prescott (age 12), Camden, Maine, and Smith Sanborn (age 8), Franklin Falls, New Hampshire.

**DRAWING.** Gold badge, Charlotte P. Dodge (age 15), Honolulu, Hawaii.

Silver badges, Romaine Hoyt (age 16), 16 Sayward Street, Dorchester, Massachusetts, and Thomas Porter Miller (age 11), Hotel Burlington, Dover, England.

**PHOTOGRAPH.** Gold badge, Madge Smith (age 12), 116 Oak Avenue, Ithaca, New York.

Silver Badge, Erwin White (age 13), Box 147, Dedham, Massachusetts.

**PUZZLE.** Gold badges, Adolph Krahe (age 15), 229 Fifth Street, New York City, and Fred Swigert (age 10), Oregon Pacific Bridge Company, Seattle, Washington.

Silver badges, Mabel Carr Samuel (age 14), 84 Carlton Hill, Northwest London, England, and Harrie A. Bell (age 14), 815 West Ninth Street, Wilmington, Delaware.

**PUZZLE-ANSWERS.** Gold badges, Alice Karr (age 12), 1108 Putnam Avenue, Plainfield, New Jersey, and Pierre Gaillard (age 10), Saluda, North Carolina.

Silver badges, Helen L. White (age 13), 102 West Ninety-third Street, New York City, and Beatrice Brown (age 12), 36 Barnes Street, Providence, Rhode Island.

**WILD-ANIMAL OR BIRD PHOTOGRAPHS.** First (five dollars and gold badge), "Squirrel," by Niels Rahr (age 15), Manitowoc, Wisconsin. Second (three dollars and gold badge), "Hawk," by Lucille Campbell (age 12), Knoxville, Tennessee. Third, "Heron," by Herbert Post (age 16), Westbury Station, Long Island.

The above prizes will be sent by registered mail in about ten days following the above announcement.

#### WHAT I LIKE BEST.

BY THEODORE KELLNER (AGE 12).

(Gold Badge.)

I THINK I like my books the best  
Of all the things I own,  
For I pass pleasant hours of rest  
With them when I'm alone.

If no one wants to come with me  
And join me in my play,  
Then with my books I'll surely be  
Throughout the livelong day.

They serve to pass the time away  
And give me pleasure true,

Yet higher, better use have they,  
And nobler purpose too.

For useful knowledge they impart,  
Which benefits us all,  
In science, literature, and art,  
And all things great and small.

Now, that is why I like them best  
Of all the things I know.  
They give more pleasure than  
the rest,  
More joy than earthly show.

#### A WORD ABOUT CROWS.

BY HAROLD S. DEMING

(AGE 16).

(Gold Badge.)

WHY is it that crows are regarded with such universal dislike? "Oh," you will say, "they are so ugly and unmusical as compared with our other birds; and, besides, they are very destructive of property."

I am convinced that these charges are preferred through unthinking prejudice; they cannot be the outcome of study.

The casual observer of crows—or any birds—does not realize that to study them as they *are*, he must not rely on the word of

an unobservant farmer or person wishing an excuse for satisfying his desire to "kill something," but go to where they *live*, and then, like Br'r Fox, "lay low."

I have stalked and watched them scores of times, and nine times out of ten they were discovered, not ravaging some farmer's crops, but on a hillside or among the pines, or, more likely still, on the gravelly shore of a near-by lake, eating worms, dobsons, and the grubs of myriads of insects, which, if allowed to mature, would destroy more useful plant life than the crows were ever even accused of doing.

A favorite food of the crow is the fresh-water mussel. Walking sedately along the shore, croaking softly and hungrily, he picks up grubs and keeps an eye out for a mussel. When he sees one he snaps it up, and if he gets hold of its "foot," he makes short work of Mr. Mussel. More often, however, the shell-fish shuts up too quickly, and then the bird shows his cunning. Pick-



"A PROUD MOMENT." BY ERWIN WHITE, AGE 13.  
(SILVER BADGE.)



"IN DARTMOORE." BY WELLESLEY T. POLE (ENGLAND).

ing up the fast-closed mussel, he drops it in some shallow pool, and with eager eyes and bill awaits developments. The mussel, thinking itself free, little by little opens again, when the alert crow seizes its "foot," and with a quick wrench extracts the delicious morsel from its shell.

Does not this act of the crow show more bird intelligence than the gobbling of a strawberry by his more admired cousin, the robin? Besides, he deprives no man of food!

Let me urge every boy and girl of the League to trust no hearsay, but to watch and find out for himself the proportions of good and bad done by crows,—and our other birds,—and to form among the circle of his friends a small division of a great S. P. U. P. C. B.—Society for the Prevention of Unjust Prejudice toward our Common Birds.

#### NOTICE.

WE regret to say that the poem "Twilight," published in the August number, and for which a gold badge was to have been awarded, was not original, but was copied from a poem by H. W. Longfellow published under the same title. The poem was properly indorsed, and was, unfortunately, unknown or not remembered by the League editors. The gold badge, it is needless to say, was not sent, and the member's name was immediately dropped from the rolls.

It is with pleasure that we are able to call attention to an original poem of almost equal merit by a boy of eight—"Suggestion of Nature," by Lucius A. Bigelow, Jr.—in the same issue. Master Bigelow also has a quatrain in the October number, and in this issue a beautiful essay, for which, under the new rule published in August, he has been awarded a gold badge.

#### A FAIRY-TALE.

BY FLOY DE GROVE BAKER (AGE 8).

(Gold Badge.)

I 'LL tell you about the fairies:  
They dress in seaweed green;  
For best, in spiders' network.  
They dance around their queen.

They hide in mossy hollows,  
In cracks of rocks and grass.  
They twine the briers together,  
And will not let you pass.

They tilt upon the grasses,  
They slide down mountains steep;  
They wander in the forest,  
So still and dark and deep.

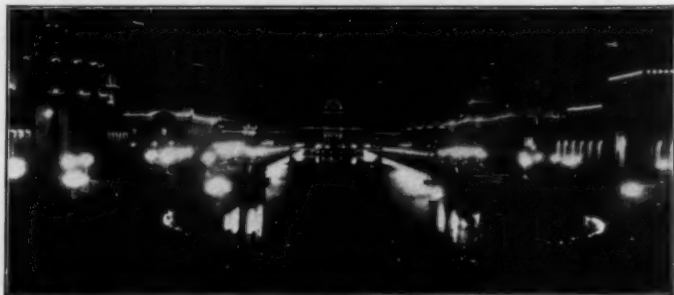
At night they come in armies  
And camp upon the green,  
And hide away so quickly  
They never can be seen.

#### WEEDS IN MY LANE.

BY LUCIUS A. BIGELOW (AGE 8).

(Gold Badge.)

I LIKE to live in nature's glory. I love the sunny silence of my lane, where everything grows with all its might. Why do people call weeds common? They are frequent, but very wonderful, and I have spent my happiest summer days among them. First, I find yellow dandelions peeping from the green grass. Because they are the first to appear, they seem dearest, for in winter only the faithful fir-trees bear us company. The dandelions have long, narrow petals, and French boys call them *dent de lion*. They soon pass into little balls of down, which scatter in the breeze. They sow early; therefore they are thrifty. Next arrive a multitude of buttercups. They also have a French name—*bouton d'or*. They are happy, and nod to each other in the wind. Soon I gather white and buff daisies. Sometimes I make a nosegay of several hundreds. I hunt for clover, not with my eyes, but with my nose and also my ears; for where I find fragrant clover, there hums the big bee, looking for a honey breakfast, and never disappointed. Butter-and-egg grows in my lane, but I do not approve the name. I have christened it "orange-and-lemon," after its cousin fruit. Have you ever noticed how gracefully this blossom sits in its calyx chair? The silver yarrow and the gold tansy grow



"OMAHA IN '98." BY DEAN M. KENNEDY.

## BRIGHTYES' ADVENTURE.

BY MABEL L. PARMELEE (AGE 12).

*(Silver Badge.)*

It was a bright sunny morning, and Brighteyes started out for his first fly alone. Among Mother Robin's many cautions was, "Don't perch on a chimney. You are liable to fall through."

After flying happily through the air for a time, Brighteyes suddenly spied a fat, plump bug on a chimney. Forgetting Mother Robin's caution, he flew straight toward it, perched on the chimney, and, just as he swallowed the bug, lost his balance and fell down, down, finally stopping with a bump in a closed-up fireplace.

He cuddled up in a forlorn, frightened little heap; but soon he began chirping loudly for help. He could n't fly up through the chimney, so he simply waited.

Some one, whom Brighteyes heard stirring round in what he thought must be the room next to the one in which the fireplace was, went away.

Then he heard voices coming nearer, and then some one took the fire-board out. It was a little girl and her grandma. The little girl put out her hand to catch poor Brighteyes, then drew it back, and said, "You catch him, grandma."

Brighteyes was nearly caught then, so he fluttered up the chimney a very little way and clung desperately to the inside of it. But the grandma put her hand up and caught him.

Poor Brighteyes! He was terribly frightened. He gave vent to his feelings in loud, shrill, dismal chirps, and snapped at everybody's fingers.

But no one hurt him. They put him on a tree, and almost before they let go of him he flew off to some bushes.

I don't think Brighteyes will ever perch on a chimney again, even if a fat bug is on it.



"SQUIRREL." BY NIELS RAHR, AGE 15.  
(FIRST PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMALS.")

abundantly. I love the strong smell of tansy, because it means midsummer, when everything splendid is in sight. Burdock has a cool, shady leaf, a pretty pink blossom, and little burs, which I use to make baskets for amusement. There are many other weeds in my lane. They are my intimate friends. I have noticed that yellow is the color often chosen by weeds—I suppose because yellow is so cheerful.

The nature studies in St. NICHOLAS explain reasons. They interest me. I think about them a great deal. Last comes the tall goldenrod. It closes in my lane on each side, waving good-by; for with its arrival summer makes preparation to leave us.



"HAWK." BY LUCILLE CAMPBELL, AGE 12.  
(SECOND PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMALS.")

## A VERY NAUGHTY CHIPMUNK.

BY SMITH SANBORN (AGE 8).

*(Silver Badge.)*

A PAIR of cat-birds built their nest in the woodbine beside the back door. Soon there were four eggs in the nest.

One morning the birds were not in the nest. We wondered what was the matter. Mama got up on a step-ladder and looked in the nest. It was empty.

A few mornings after we saw Mr. Chipmunk on the roof. Then we knew what had become of the eggs.

A pair of veeries built their nest in a flower-bed. Four baby veeries soon filled the nest.

When they were about half-grown, one morning we heard the mother bird making a great fuss, and we saw the squirrel running away. We looked in the nest and found all the babies gone.

I tried to catch him in a trap, but he was too cunning and kept away.

A short time after the painters were at work on our house. They let me have some paint and a brush, and I helped paint.

I was painting near the front steps when the squirrel ran under the steps and stood with his tail sticking out. I had my brush full of paint and I painted his tail.

League members should read over the rules now and then. Some of our contributors overlook small but important details.



"HERON." BY HERBERT POST, AGE 16.  
(THIRD PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMALS.")



"A MEMORY OF SUMMER." BY  
MARGARET WILLIAMSON, AGE 13.

indeed, they have been up in the tree itself and have found nice places to sit among the branches.

Some of these they have named the "King's Throne," the "Queen's Throne," and the "Seat of the Prince and Princess," and they even have places which they call beds. Of course, the children are the royal family in their play.

In the springtime, when the tree blossoms, the children climb the trees to gather some, to show to friends who have not seen any before; for in this part of the country the tulip-tree is not numerous. The tulip-flowers are green in the deepest part of the cup, shading into yellow, which shades into red. The outside of the petals are almost entirely of green, so that the flowers are not very easily seen from the ground.

The tree is admired by passers-by for its shapely appearance and dark, rich color, but is appreciated much more by the family for the happiness it gives.

### THE WINTER COURT.

BY ALICE MAY FULLER (SILVER BADGE).

(Silver Badge.)

In the oak woods, on a carpet  
Made of leaves all brown and dying,  
Fairies had a farewell banquet;  
For a frosty breeze was blowing,  
And the wee folk shook and shivered.

They must leave the sunny brooklet  
Where the squirrels came to chatter,  
Leave the swings in vine and branches,

### THE TULIP-TREE.

BY LYDIA E. BUCKNELL  
(AGE 13).

In the yard around a cottage in a town in Illinois is a tulip-tree. The cottage is a story and a half high, and the topmost leaf of the tree is as high as the peak of the roof. It is a very shapely tree, wide near the base, and tapering to a point at the top.

In the summer afternoons the tree casts its welcome shade upon the lawn where the mother of the family sits with her sewing and where the children play their games. And,

Leave the boats of purple shadow,  
Leave them all, to seek a shelter.

In a long-forsaken school-house  
Fairies held their court in winter:  
Spread the desks with sunshine carpets  
Gathered from the heat of summer;  
Hung the canopies of cobweb;  
Warmed the court with fireflies' glitter.  
So prepared they for their revels  
Through the long, white winter season.

Soft snow, falling o'er the school-house,  
From the elfins barred the north wind;  
Thus the elves, securely guarded  
Through the dreaded reign of winter,  
Sang and laughed at Storm King's ragings.

### WITH NATURE.

BY ELEANOR H. ADLER (AGE 15).

WHEN did we go to our mountain home?

I only know

That the hills were bright in robes of green,  
That fragrant violets bloomed unseen,  
And the nesting birds 'mid their leafy screen  
Sang soft and low.

How long did we stay in our sylvan home?

It seemed to me

That the mountain green wore a deeper shade,  
The wild rose bloomed in many a glade,  
And the songsters flooded the forest shade  
With silver melody.

When did we leave our mountain vale?

The days were come

When the autumn red had turned to brown,  
The goldenrod frayed her dainty gown,  
Empty the nests in the tree-tops' crown,  
When we left our mountain home.

### SNOWBALLING IN AUGUST.

BY DOROTHY WEBER (AGE 11).

It was a bright summer morning. Two little girls stood, with their wheels, at the gate of a pretty vine-covered cottage on one of the upper benches of Ogden, near the mouth of Ogden Cañon, where with "Joe,"

their lovely little Spaniel dog, they were going to ride.

They started off merrily, with Joe ahead. He soon started after a little wounded bird that fluttered along just ahead of them. The little girls were filled with pity, and rushed along to rescue it, when, with a shrill whistle, that sounded like "Ha, ha!" it flew to the top of a tall pine-tree and looked at them with a twinkle in his bright eye that seemed to say, "Did n't I fool you nicely?"

They rode along a narrow road, snow-



"MUFF." BY FLORENCE DAVIS,  
AGE 14.



"WILD ANIMALS IN THEIR NATIVE HOME." BY G. M. MILLER, AGE 13.



crowned mountains towering for hundreds of feet on either side. Ogden River came rushing over its rocky bed, with here and there, behind boulders, cool, green places, where lurked the speckled trout.

They heard a wild whistle, and saw Joe dash up the mountain after a squirrel. But alas for Joe's hopes! The stones over which they were scrambling suddenly gave way. Joe and squirrel fell in the river below them. The squirrel slipped under a stone; Joe swam ashore and rushed around wildly, fairly howling with disappointment.

The little girls rode on until they came in sight of white tents nestled at the very foot of the mountains. They dismounted and went to the tents, for they had been invited to spend a day with a friend of theirs who was spending her vacation in the cañon. They had a fine dinner of trout and corn-pone, which they ate off a rustic table.

They then started to climb for the novelty of a royal game of snowball in August. They passed many beautiful flowers, and at last reached a snowdrift, and, having pelted each other merrily, they started home. They reached the cañon in time to mount their wheels and ride home, laden with flowers and wild berries.

### A NOVEMBER PICNIC.

BY GRACE REYNOLDS DOUGLAS (AGE 10).

BETH MILLER stood on the porch watching the children at the party across the street playing games in the yard. Beth was not going to the party, although she was invited, because she was just recovering from whooping-cough, and though she did not whoop, she was not allowed to play with the children.

Some of the children waved their hands at first, and one little girl came to the fence and said, "Oh, Beth, we are having such fun!" But soon they were all too interested in their game to notice her.

Just then her father came in the gate and said, "It's too bad you cannot go, Beth-kins."

"Oh, but I can watch them, papa," she answered with a smile, though her lip quivered. Just then mama came out with two mysterious-looking baskets. Following her came "Teddy," Beth's setter. Then papa said, "Hurrah! All aboard for the picnic."

Beth turned around with a joyful cry: "A truly picnic? Oh, what fun!"

It was a beautiful Indian-summer day, more like



"ARCH ROCK, MACINAC." BY HELEN S. TROUNSTINE, AGE 11.

beach-nuts, and from a tin box ice-cream was brought in form of autumn leaves, chocolate for the brown and orange ice for the yellow, and candied cherries for the tinge of red, and little cakes shaped like squirrels and Indians.

"It's a regular autumn lunch. I guess you did that on purpose, mama." But mama only smiled.

"We have all had just a lovely time," said Beth, as they left the meadow.

On the way home they met a little lame girl, and Beth gave her the violets.

"I hope I did not give her whooping-cough too," said Beth.

May than November, and after a lovely walk along the river-bank, they came to a pleasant meadow where in the springtime Beth had found violets.

"I am going to look for violets," cried Beth, skipping over the meadow, followed by Teddy.

"It's too late for violets, dear," said mama.

But Beth had faith, and suddenly she gave a cry of delight, and Teddy began to howl, and from the leaves Beth brought a tiny little blue violet.

"It's blossomed just for me, mama. I wonder if its brothers and sisters are out."

While mama was fixing the lunch papa helped her hunt for more violets. They found ten. Mama spread out a dainty lunch of sandwiches made of chopped

### JOHNNY AT THE SEA-SHORE.

BY LINCOLN PADDOCK (AGE 11).

WHEN Johnny to the sea-shore went  
In the railroad train,

From the station he was sent  
To a hotel very plain.

Johnny thought he would  
learn to swim,

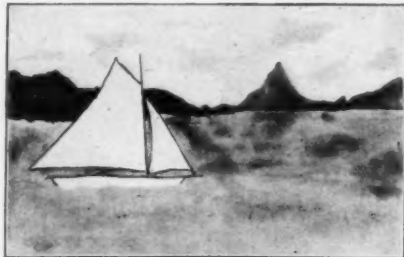
And then to float and dive;  
And when he told his brother

Tim,  
He said, "Oh, sakes  
alive!"

Then back he went on the  
railroad train

To his home in the city.  
He wished that he could

come again,  
He thought the waves so  
pretty.



"SKETCH." BY NICHOLAS ROOSEVELT, AGE 7.

### NOTICE.

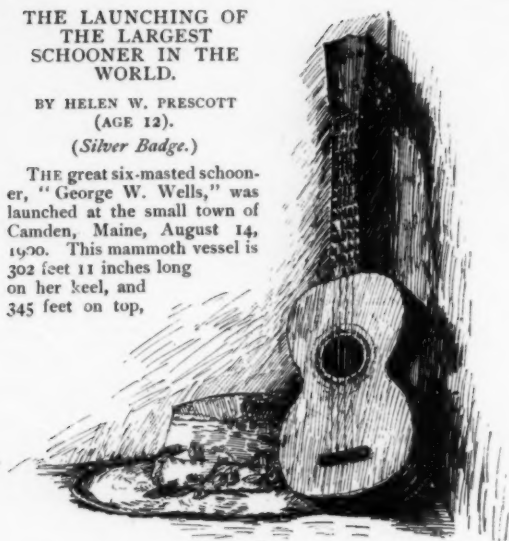
To League members who have lost or mislaid their badges or instruction leaflets new ones will be mailed on application. No member should be without a badge and a copy of the printed rules.

# THE LAUNCHING OF THE LARGEST SCHOONER IN THE WORLD.

BY HELEN W. PRESCOTT  
(AGE 12).

(Silver Badge.)

THE great six-masted schooner, "George W. Wells," was launched at the small town of Camden, Maine, August 14, 1900. This mammoth vessel is 302 feet 11 inches long on her keel, and 345 feet on top,



"IN SUMMER VACATION." BY CHARLOTTE F. DODGE, AGE 15.  
(GOLD BADGE.)

48 feet 6 inches beam, and 23 feet depth. She was made for carrying coal, and can carry 5000 tons. Her six masts are of Oregon pine, 119 feet long, and 30 inches in diameter. Her anchors are very heavy, one weighing 8200 pounds; the other, made at Camden, weighs 7500 pounds. There are also two smaller anchors. The George W. Wells cost one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars. She was begun the 1st of April.

I am spending my summer in a cottage near the shipyard, and have watched from early June to the day of the launching. On this the harbor was full of boats of every description, 'most all of them gay with flags. There were crowds of people everywhere waiting to see her launched. Soon the men began knocking out the blocks of wood and props on which she rested. Finally the last block was knocked out, the men ran from under the ship, and the George W. Wells slid easily and gracefully into the water. Mr. Wells's daughter christened her by scattering flowers over her deck and releasing four white pigeons. Then the great heavy anchor was dropped lower and lower until the immense black schooner stopped. It was a grand sight to see her there amidst all the boats—the largest of them all.

## TWO LITTLE KITTENS.

BY ELEANOR R. CHAPIN  
(AGE 7).

Two little kittens  
Lay down by the fire;  
I kissed them good  
night  
And then did retire.



## A PEN AND INK SKETCH.

BY ROMAINE HOIT, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE.)

## HELEN'S BIRTHDAY GIFT.

BY JEANETTE E. PERKINS (AGE 13).

THE birthday was coming of Helen and Ray  
(They were twins, so they had but one birth-  
day).

A week before mama had said,  
Just before they went to bed:

Now, what do you wish for a gift, Ray dear?  
For you know your birthday will soon be  
here."

"I wish for a kite, and a ball of string,  
And a bicycle-suit, and— most everything!"

"And what do you wish for, my dear little girl?  
A doll, or a wheel, or a ring with a pearl?"

"Well, mama dear," our Helen replied,  
"I would like a wheel that I could ride;

"And I want a new doll, and I'd like a pearl  
ring.  
But I can think of a better thing.

"'T is better than dolls, or a ring, or a wheel,  
Or a horse, or a bicycle-suit, a great deal!"

"And what may this wonderful wish be, my  
dear?"

"I wish for St. NICHOLAS for one whole year!"

Ray got his kite and ball  
of string,  
His bicycle-suit, and  
"most everything."

Helen had wheel and ring  
and doll,  
And the St. NICHOLAS,  
which was best of  
all.

When papa said, "Nell,  
tell me quick  
Your very best present,"  
she answered, "St.  
NICK!"



"THE ORGAN MAN." BY ERNEST  
BURTON, AGE 8.

## NIGHT.

BY MARGARET STEVENS (AGE 9).

So still I lie in my little bed,  
As still as a little mouse,  
And the night comes on with creeping dark

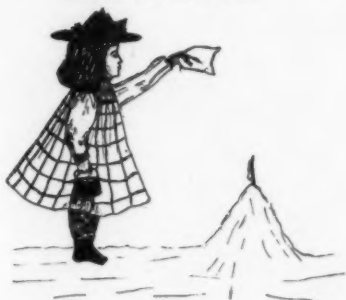
Through all our  
great big  
house.

But soon mama  
brings the  
candle-light,  
That flickers round  
my head;

And she gives me a  
kiss upon my  
cheek

As I lie asleep in  
bed.

## BACK TO SCHOOL.



BY ELSIE L. WILLIAMS (AGE 13).

*(Silver Badge.)*

"WHERE have you been to, my little maid?"  
 "I've been to the sea-shore to hunt shells and wade."  
 "Where have *you* been, you stanch little man?"  
 "I've been to the mountains to catch fish with Fan."  
 "But now we'll go back to the work with our brain,  
 Wishing and longing for summer again."

## NOVEMBER.

BY MARGARET A. HOBBS (AGE 12).

THE sky is so blue  
 And the air is so clear  
 That we very well know  
 November is here.

## WHEN GRANDMA TOLD A STORY.

BY MINNIE VAN CAMPEN (AGE 14).



"GRANDMA."

OFTEN round the fire-  
 place,  
 Cheering with her smil-  
 ing face,  
 In her old accustomed  
 place,  
 Grandma told us sto-  
 ries.

Baby Ben upon her knee,  
 Sitting where we all  
 could see,  
 All as happy as could be  
 When grandma told us  
 stories.

Of when she was a little  
 lass,  
 Of how she once spelled  
 down her class,  
 And for a prize some  
 beads of glass—  
 Yes, grandma told this  
 story.

Of how the Indians tore around,  
 Of how her father held his ground,  
 And how she once a nugget found.  
 Yes, grandma told good stories.

Many a winter's night like this  
 We'd listen, while apples would pop and hiss.  
 Soon she'd say good night with a smacking kiss,  
 After grandma had told a story.

VOL. XXVIII.—12.

## THE LIFE OF THE BREEZE.

BY CAROLINE LEE CARTER (AGE 15).

BORN at the first faint gleams of dawn,  
 Waking the flowers with its baby breath,  
 Carrying tidings of coming morn,  
 "Life is awaking," it softly saith.

Speeding away o'er the sunny lea,  
 Rushing along in a crazy whirl,  
 Hurrying over the open sea,  
 Breaking the waves into showers of pearl;

Murmuring low in the forest pine,  
 Rustling the leaves on the marshes' brink,  
 Waving the fronds of the drooping vine,  
 Over the pool where the dun deer drink;

Dying at eve when the sun hangs low,  
 Bidding farewell to the tree-tops high,  
 Sinking away with the evening glow,  
 Its life goes out with a little sigh.

## THANKSGIVING.

BY PLEASANCE BAKER (AGE 13).

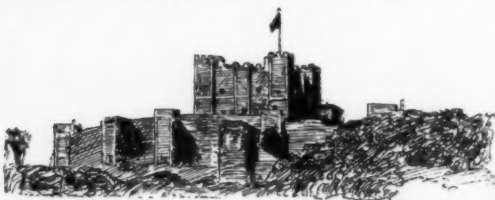


JUST about this time o' year  
 All Polly's pets seem doubly dear;  
 She feeds and pats and pets them, too,  
 Until they don't know what to do.  
 She says: "On this Thanksgiving day  
 I'm thankful I can work and play.  
 I'm thankful I can work, you see,  
 'Cause mama says I ought to be,  
 And thankful for my play, you know,  
 Because it's natural to be so.  
 Of course I'm thankful for my doll,  
 And my home and relations, but most of all  
 I'm just as glad as I know how  
 That none of you 's a turkey now."



## CHAPTERS.

OWING to lack of space this month, the chapter report is limited to a few numbers. All those heard from, however, are doing well, and with the return to school



"DOVER CASTLE." BY THOMAS PORTER MILLER, AGE 11.  
(SILVER BADGE.)

many new chapters are being formed, a full report of which will appear in due time.

Chapter 101 meets every two weeks to read the ST. NICHOLAS. The secretary of Chapter 105 says:

Our chapter—105—is getting along very well. We meet around at different houses, and play games and generally enjoy ourselves.

At one house the afternoon was given over to playing charades. At another a progressive heart party was given. At a third a paper fish was shown for the space of two minutes; then it was hidden, and paper and scissors were given out, and we were required to cut out a fish as near as possible like one shown. These are only a few of the various things done.

We were obliged to separate for the summer, but we all correspond. The president writes first, and sends her letter to the secretary, who forwards it, with her letter, to the next member, and so on until the pack reaches the president, who takes out her first letter and puts in a second.

In the fall we will again resume our usual meetings. Yours very truly,

JULIA W. WILLIAMSON,  
Secretary of Chapter 105.

"Happy-go-lucky."

## NEW CHAPTERS.

No. 149. Mrs. Frank Chapin, President; Bertha Chapin, Secretary; six members. Address, Pine Meadow, Connecticut.

No. 150. J. H. Compton, President; F. W. Haas-is, Secretary; seven members. Address, Perth Amboy, New Jersey. Chapter 150 meets every Monday about one o'clock.

No. 151. Annie Parsons, President; Lois Wallace, Secretary; seven members. Address, 545 West Second N Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

No. 152. Josephine Paddock, President; Ethel L. Paddock, Secretary; seven members. Address, 141 West Seventieth Street, New York City.

No. 153. The "Merrymakers." Elinor C. Holmes, President; Mabel C. White, Secretary; six members.

Address, "Maplehurst," Winsted, Station A, Connecticut.

Chapter 153 has made up a "cry" for its own special use. Here it is:

"St. Nicholas League, the cry we give!  
Live to learn and learn to live!  
Hullabaloo, Hullabaloo,  
Chapter a hundred and fifty-three!"

Please remember that in forming chapters we will, if desired, send the badges all in one envelope, postage paid by us.

Many teachers have assisted in organizing chapters among their pupils, and to such as desire them we will send badges and instruction leaflets in such quantities as seem likely to be needed, postage paid.

Much pleasant entertainment and mutual benefit result from chapter organization. Weekly meetings, at which recreation and mental culture are pleasantly and about equally divided, must in time result in great good to those who take part willingly and in the proper spirit.

## NOTICE.

Don't forget the new rule (published in August) which permits a prize-winner to take a second prize within the six months' time limit, provided the second prize won be of greater value than the first.

## ROLL OF HONOR.

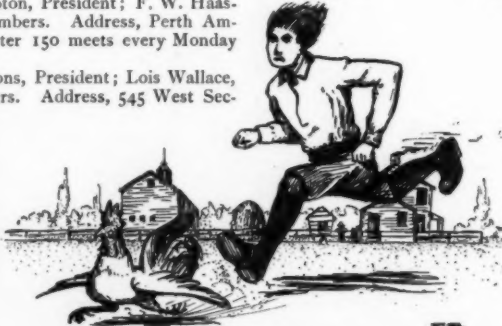
A LIST of those whose work, though not used, has been found worthy of honorable mention.

## POEMS.

Marguerite Stuart  
Hattie Faber  
Katherine Hammond  
Charlotte Touzalin  
Helen K. Stockton  
M. Letitia Stockett  
E. Mabel Strang  
Mabel H. Williamson  
George W. Frost  
Donald Sweet  
Gertrude Kaufman  
Edward H. O. Pfeiffer  
Harriet A. Ives  
D. Stoneglass

Angus M. Berry  
Jane McCoy  
Nannie C. Barr  
Natalie Ryan  
Ruth S. Lighthouse  
Amelia E. Lautz  
Emma Bettis  
Alice Elizabeth McGee  
Asa B. Dimond  
Josephine V. Hamline  
Edmund Burroughs  
Marie Sellers  
Hattie A. Poindexter  
Harry Oswald

Adele Schlesinger  
Lillian Hendrix  
Harry L. Miller  
Sue Barrow  
Odette Grow  
Edna Reynolds  
Edna A. Tompkins  
Lorraine Roosevelt  
Watt Shelton  
Eleanor S. Whipple  
Walter Stahr  
Beatrice Baisden  
Risa Lowie  
Gertrude Grosland  
Ruth Kantrowitz  
Marguerite M. Hillery  
S. K. Smith  
G. M. Ward  
Isabelle Louise Towner  
Marie Salina Sebault



"A HOT PURSUIT." BY FRED STEARNS, AGE 15.  
(Winner of gold badge, April.)



"SKETCHES." BY PAUL K. MAYS, AGE 12.

Eva Wilson  
Jean Olive Heck  
Ida M. Snively  
George Elliston  
Esther Stuart  
Ina M. Ufford  
Bertha Hart Nance  
William Force Stead  
Maude McMahon

Ragland Glascock  
Francis C. Nickerson  
Mary Ellen Derr  
Alice Ranney Thompson  
Lesley M. Storey  
Arthur Edward Weld  
Nettie Lisk  
Dorothea Posegate

## PROSE.

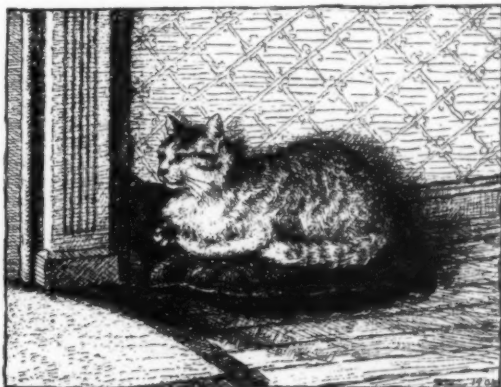
Gilbert Cosulich  
Zech Chafee, Jr.  
Lois P. Lehman  
L. Frank May  
Ethel L. Rourke  
Dorothy M. T. Brown  
Christine Sutorius  
Florrie A. Lawrence  
Glenn Southwell  
Ethel Fern Gerard  
Mary Perkins Abbot  
Carolyn D. Tompkins  
Margaret Hardenbergh  
Gillmore  
Rachel Workman  
Ada M. O'Connell  
Denison H. Clift  
Ellen Elizabeth Bates  
Mary P. Parsons  
Alice F. Payson  
Alice K. Bushnell  
Irma L. Herdegan  
Elizabeth Deebie  
Irwin A. Hall  
Josephine Dormitzer  
Helen Greene  
Louis Bronson Le Duc  
Helen McCollough  
Minnie Sweet  
Elizabeth K. McKoy  
Mary Pattison  
Esther L. Hager  
Marguerite Du Bois  
Elizabeth Chapin  
Donald Cole

Priscilla Baron  
Anna C. Ashman  
F. W. Hoosis  
Florence Townsend  
David M. Cheney  
Elford Eddy  
Martha E. Sutherland  
James W. Davis  
Fronie Ballantine  
Elizabeth Le Boutillier  
Harriet P. Feller  
Ruth Pasco  
Henry Harrington Tryon  
Ruth Eunice Woodbury  
Mary R. Bucknell  
James A. W. Hunter  
Helen Bartlett Maxcy  
Leslie Leigh Du Bros  
Harold B. Kennicott  
Ruth A. Trimble  
Esther Johnston  
H. Leroy Tirrell  
Dora Call  
Will O. Jelleme  
Mary Bonner  
Helen Dutton Bogart  
William Doty Maynard  
Florence Brack Bracq  
Marjorie Sybil Heck  
Dorothy Eckl  
Syrena H. Stackpole  
Marguerite Graham  
Ruth Gertrude Butters  
Harriet Park  
Helen Ludlow White

James Gamble  
Reighard  
Hadjie Dawson  
Pauline Coppee  
Duncan  
Janet R. Penman  
Katherine L. Roosevelt  
Marguerite Beatrice Child  
Charles Thomas Blackmore

## DRAWINGS.

George A. Stowell  
Thomas Haydock  
Margaret E. Conklin  
Charlotte Lewis  
Phelps  
Pauline Croll  
Alice M. Rogers  
Edith E. Maxon  
Clark N. Dennis  
Edna L. Hagert  
Theodore S. Paul  
Gertrude A. Lambert  
Sara Marie Jordan  
Morrow Wayne Palmer  
Henry F. Sherwood  
Clare S. Currier  
Hilda C. Tate  
Stanley Hirsch  
Herman Livingstone, Jr.  
Carrie May Fraser  
Helen C. Edmunds  
Richard de Charms, Jr.  
Ruth M. Cornell  
Ursula Roberts  
Carrie May Norris  
Lucille A. Dutton  
Josephine Paddock  
Melanie G. Atherton  
Helen de Veer  
Ruth A. Sherrill  
Elisa B. Agan  
Katherine M. Schmucker  
Otto Wolpert  
Ruth Eunice Woodbury  
Mary Lees Sheldon  
Henry G. Young  
L. Glaet  
Beth Howard  
Ruth B. Hand  
Emily E. Comfort  
Christine Hitchings  
Clare E. Ferguson  
George Worthington, Jr.  
Grace Tetlow  
Alma Marie Stevens  
Catherine Lee Carter



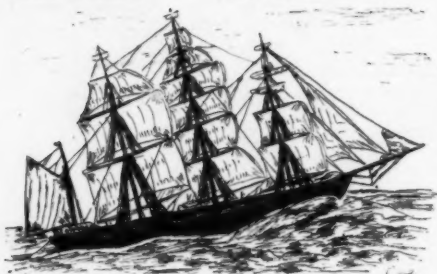
"CONTENTMENT." BY ELIZABETH MORTON, AGE 12.  
(Winner of gold badge, July.)



## PHOTOGRAPHS.

Julia F. Carter  
Robert C. Mason

Lulu Senff  
Ray W. Irvin



BY ALAN M. OSGOOD, AGE 11.

Walter S. Meyers  
George Rodman Goethals  
Harold B. Smith  
Clement Tingley  
Katherine E. Vaughn  
Lucille Cochran  
Spencer Bowen  
J. Parsons Greenleaf  
Muriel R. Mersereau  
Walter S. Heller  
Royce Paddock  
Donald Munro  
Marguerite C. Kolb  
Sara A. Oakley  
Elsie P. McClintock  
Patty Phillips  
E. A. Gilbert, Jr.  
Roger Sherman  
Paul Moore  
W. D. Miller  
Rosamond Sargeant  
Eleanor E. Dana  
Constance W. Warren  
Nelsie Rockwood

William M. Evans  
Edmund D. Brigham  
Ida Crabbe  
Helen G. Sill  
H. Pendleton  
Enid May Scrieber  
William W. Bodine  
Marjorie Cockroft  
Mary M. Ostrander  
Jane E. Rowland  
Eleanor Shaw  
C. P. Searle, Jr.  
Will James Lowrie  
Lesta Eckfeld  
Janet P. Dana  
Thomas R. Pooley, Jr.  
Willie Berry  
Glenway Maxon  
Helen M. Wilson  
J. Chester Bradley  
Margaret Leet  
Eugenie Havard  
Thyrza Benson  
Edwin Hahn

Donald M. Dey

## PUZZLES.

Dorothy Purviance Miller  
A. H. Kyd  
Ruth Bagley  
A. S. Rycken  
Anne E. Valentine  
Emily S. Peck  
Anna G. Harris  
Margaret G. Stone  
Elton Morris  
Dorothy Platt  
Florence Beatrice Thaw  
Eleanor Fries  
May A. Chambers  
Ethel Lee  
Doris Webb  
Beatrice Wright Bill  
Pleasants Pennington  
Israel Mirsky  
Beardsley Butler

Harrie A. Bell  
Lois Olive Treadwell  
Henry Goldman  
Dorothy Knight  
Elizabeth B. Lloyd  
Frederic C. F. Randolph  
Florence Benedict  
Francis Butler  
Hilolije R. Edwards  
Gertrude L. Cannon  
Will Ruggles  
Ethel Buchenberger  
John Hills  
Rachel Brodhead  
Edith Spalding  
Kent Shaffer  
Mary B. Carpenter  
Josephine H. Howes  
Margaret Lewis

The prize puzzles and others selected for publication, as well as the list of puzzle-answers, will be found in the regular Riddle-box.

## NICE LETTERS FROM LEAGUE MEMBERS.

NORWICH, CONNECTICUT.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I think there is no monthly magazine as good as yours. I enjoy it so much. The League badge you sent me is beautiful in color and design. I think the "Nature and Science" is lovely and very instructive. I love the League, and am trying to do my best so as to win a prize, and make my uncle, who sends the ST. NICHOLAS to me, pleased. Hoping that ST. NICHOLAS will prosper well *forever*, I am,

Your interested reader,

VIRGINIA LYMAN.

AURORA, PRESTON COUNTY, WEST VIRGINIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am spending my summer in a little village in the mountains, and as there are plenty of fields and woods all around, I, with my two sisters, go on a great many rambles.

In these rambles we gather many wild flowers and curiosities. There are some very beautiful rhododendron-blossoms here. Some of these bunches are white, some pink, and still others nearly white with only very delicate tinges of pink.

The thing I want most to tell you about is a triple or quadruple ox-eyed daisy which my sister found. To describe it the better she has drawn a picture of it for me to send.

Its center, instead of being round, is three or four times of an ordinary ox-eyed daisy, Ruth (that is my sister's name) she thought it was a cater-

Its stem is broad and flat, see in it the outline of three stems if you look carefully.

Thinking this might interest some of your readers,

Your friend, MARY DARWIN.

George Dwight Franklin sends a pretty poem about the sun and a rose. Perhaps we will have room to print George's next poem.

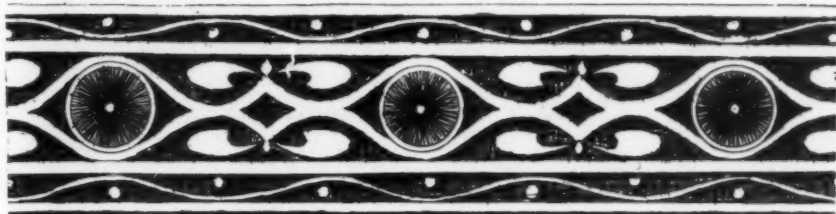
Other entertaining and appreciative letters have been received this month from Bettie Barrows, Katie Heckscher, Paul H. Prausnitz, Ethel Rispin, Gardiner V. V. Littell, Eugene Baeck, Norah H. Gray, William E. C. Davis, Louis A. Kerper, Laura L. Byrne, Wilmot S. Close, Frank Damrosch, Jr., Edith Lewis Laner, Marguerite M. Hillery, Ruth Osgood, Harry S. Miller, Edna Reynolds, Kenneth G. Carpenter, Ellen Burditt McKey, Isabel K. Levason, Elisabeth Spies, Rex Auchincloss, Sally W. Orvis, Amy B. Harris, Beatrice Harrison, Walter S. Primley, Janet Golden, Doris Webb, Hildegarde Allen, Mary Holmes, Gordon Weeks Waller, Helen Tillotson, Conradine C. Uran, Ruth S. Beebe, Philip T. Heartt, Ray Johnson, Myron W. Rightmire (with a history of Selkirk's Island too long to print), Elizabeth Le Boutillier, Janet Boyd Merrill, Margaret White, Jessie F. Thompson, Dorothy Hyde, Helen Brackenridge, Elizabeth Peachy Hodge, Richard B. Washington, Florence Wurts, and Ida Crabbe.

Prize badges are usually sent about ten days following the published announcement of the winners. October prize-winners will receive their badges about the first of the month, or very soon thereafter.



as long as that so that when first saw it pillar.

but you can see in it the outline of three stems if you look carefully.



DECORATIVE BORDER. BY HENRY C. QUARLES, AGE 14.

## PRIZE COMPETITION NO. 14.

The St. Nicholas League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle-answers.

**A SPECIAL CASH PRIZE.** To any League member who during the first year has won a gold badge for any of the above-named achievements, and shall again win first place, a cash prize of five dollars will be awarded, instead of another gold badge.

**Competition No. 14** will close November 22. The award will be announced and prize contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for February.

**POEM.** To contain not more than twenty-four lines, and may be illustrated, if desired, with not more than two drawings or photographs by the author. Subject to contain the word "Winter."

**PROSE.** Story or article of not more than four hundred words. It may be illustrated, if desired, with not more than two drawings or photographs by the author, and the title must contain the word "Valentine."

**PHOTOGRAPH.** Any size, mounted or unmounted, but no blue prints. Subject, "November." May be interior or exterior, with or without figures.

**DRAWING.** India ink, very black writing ink, or wash (not color). Subject, "A Pleasant Memory." May be interior or exterior, with children, birds, or animals.

**PUZZLE.** Any sort, the answer to contain some word relating to Valentine's day.

**PUZZLE-ANSWERS.** Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS.

**WILD-ANIMAL OR BIRD PHOTOGRAPH.** To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun.

For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird, taken in its natural home: *First Prize*, five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize*, League gold badge.

## RULES.

Every contribution of whatever kind must bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but on the contribution itself—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write or draw on one side of the paper only.



TAILPIECE. BY AGE

EDITH C. BARRY, 16.

## ADVERTISEMENT COMPETITION NO. 2.

The members of the St. Nicholas League are offered a second opportunity to prepare advertising features for any one of the list of firms named on advertising page 17 of this issue, and to submit them in competition for the following cash prizes:

*Five Dollars* each for the twenty most attractive advertisements for the firms named on page 17.

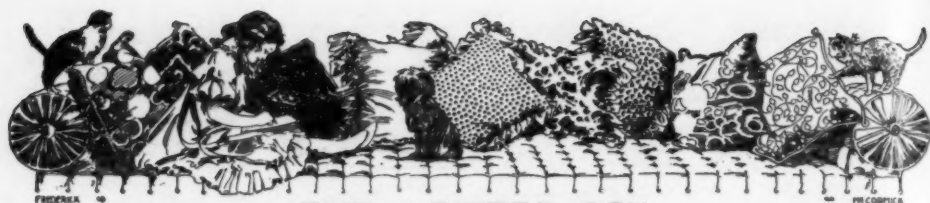
*Three Dollars* each for any other features accepted for use by any one of these firms.

The rules controlling this competition are the same as those governing the other regular League contests. Writings and drawings for this special contest, however, must not bear the author's or artist's name and address. These must be given on a separate slip accompanying each contribution—not for publication, but for the proper filing and reference by the editor of the League. Any member of the St. Nicholas League may compete (and any reader of ST. NICHOLAS, not over eighteen years of age, may become a member of the League upon application for a League badge and instruction leaflet). These are sent upon application accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelope.

Any feature may be introduced—drawings, poems, puzzles, photographs, reading matter of any description—anything that will attract and hold the reader's attention and help the sale of wares offered by any firm named on the list. Suppose you had goods to sell, how would you go to work to tell about them in such a way that every reader of ST. NICHOLAS would stop and look and listen? Read the list of firms over carefully, and decide what you think about it.

Some of the cleverest writers and artists of the day have contributed witty rhymes and sentences, or striking illustrations, to the advertising pages of the magazines. Some of the brightest advertisements have been suggested by boys and girls. And as this competition is open to those who have won badges or honorable mention in the League, they still will have an opportunity to show what they can do in the commercial field. It is safe to predict that a very interesting series of advertisements will be developed by this competition.

The advertising competition for November will close November 22, and all communications intended for it must be marked, "Advertising Contest," and addressed to the Editor of the St. Nicholas League, The Century Co., Union Square, New York.



## THE LETTER-BOX.

THE picture on page 44 of this number is a scene from the ancient history of our "new world."

From the thirteenth century and until about four hundred years ago, there reigned in Peru, South America, kings known as the Incas. This word meant "chiefs" in their own language; and chiefs they were in more than name, for they were absolute and supreme in the state, in religion, and in warfare.

The artist, Mr. Gleason, has drawn for our readers a scene in one of the Incas' great stone palaces—of which the ruins still exist in their native land. The picture shows how fierce birds and beasts, trained to hunt for the Inca, were cared for by one of his foresters. The attendant is shown offering food to the eagles.

Pizarro, the Spaniard, conquered the old Peruvian race, as you may read in the works of the American historian, Prescott.

ITHACA, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl twelve years old, and I do just love your magazine better than anything. It is one of my Christmas presents, and I am beginning my fifth year. I like your continued stories best of any.

One summer I was at Cook's Point, on Canandaigua Lake. Almost every child there took ST. NICHOLAS and was devoted to it. You should have seen how anxious we were when the boat used to bring the mail on the 25th, and how angry we were when you did not come. All the girls were especially interested in "Quick-silver Sue," and one of the ladies there used to read it aloud to us.

Last winter I had a dear kitten, which I was very fond of; but he ran away twice, and the second time he never came back, so I have had no pets since then. I am going to belong to the St. Nicholas League, which I think is a fine thing.

Wishing you a long life, I am,

Your devoted reader,

JULIA WRIGHT MCCORMICK.

LONDON, ENGLAND.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little American boy, eight years old, spending the summer in England.

I had an experience that I think perhaps American boys would like to know about.

I went with my parents to Hampton Court, a few miles out of London. It is an old palace which Cardinal Wolsey presented to King Henry VIII. over four hundred years ago.

I did wish every American boy and girl could have wandered, too, over those gorgeous flower-gardens, and through the great vinery, where one old grape-vine (one

hundred and fifty years old) was twice as big around as my body, and had twelve thousand bunches of purple grapes hanging on it! Oh, how my mouth did water for a single bunch! but I could not even touch a leaf.

After a while we started into the palace. I forgot to say it was a warm day, and I had on a little linen suit with a blouse waist, such as all American boys wear.

When we started up the palace steps to go in, an officer said, "Little boy, where's your coat?" I said, "Why my coat? My overcoat is in London." Then he said, "You ought to wear it." "Oh," I said, "it's too hot." Then the officer said, "Well, you must get it." I thought the officer was trying to be funny, and we all started in, for we had paid for our tickets, when he called roughly: "Stop, there, you can't go in!" Soon we saw he was mad, and we could not see what he was so cross about. Then a policeman stepped up to us and quietly explained to me that nobody was allowed in the palace without a coat on—that it was the home of royalty, and though none lived there now, it was the law that nobody would be allowed to be disrespectful enough to go into the palace without a coat.

I tried to explain I was a little American boy, and that I was dressed, and that the suit *had no coat*, but all I could say would not change the officer's mind, and I had to stay out. I wanted to show respect to the Queen's laws, for everybody loves her, but I felt like telling him that Americans knew just as well how to dress boys as the English, but he was so cross I dared not. A fourteen-year-old boy after he had been through the palace lent me his coat, and I put that on and then the officer *had* to let me go through.

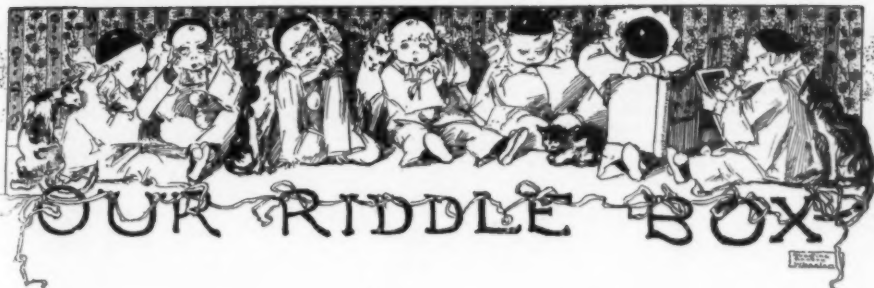
You can imagine what a guy I looked in such a big coat! But I am a little Yankee, and old John Bull can't keep Uncle Sam out, even if he is only a little boy.

JOHN NIPGEN MCWILLIAMS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am going to write and tell you about a Kindersymphonie we had one summer. There were fourteen boys and girls in all, and we all had different instruments to play on. The name of the symphony was "The Sleigh-ride." I had to open the concert by playing a bugle call upon the trumpet, which is a very bad thing to play on, as if you get laughing it is simply impossible to blow. When we all got fairly started it was really quite effective, as there were so many different sounds: the piano, the trumpet, the bells, the zobo, the drum, the castanets, and many others. In the middle of it a boy and myself played the zobo, which is very hard to keep in tune. After the symphony a great many boys and girls played both duets and single pieces upon the piano, after which we had cake, ice-cream, and lemonade. Taking it altogether it was really quite a success.

Very truly yours,

ARABELLA SMITH.



## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER.

**BEHEADINGS.** Bismarck. 1. Broad. 2. Irate. 3. Selfish. 4. Mate. 5. Amiss. 6. Relate. 7. Climb. 8. Know.

**CHARADE.** Scarabee.

### A MUSICAL NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast,  
To soften rocks, or bend a knotted oak.

**OBSCURE RECTANGLE.** 1. C. 2. Cap. 3. Carol. 4. Poles. 5. Lethe. 6. Shear. 7. Eaves. 8. Realm. 9. Sleek. 10. Medea. 11. Keg. 12. A.

**SYLLABIC PUZZLE.** I. Oregon. 1. Orange. 2. Emu. 3. Gondola. II. Merrimac. 1. Merry. 2. Rivalry. 3. Immaculate. III. Olympia. 1. Ovate. 2. Olympus. 3. Piety. 4. Acorn.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER were received, before August 15th, from G. Bernice Roome—Hildergarde G.—Mabel Wingate—Joe Carlada—Marguerite Sturdy—Helen L. White—Rachel and Eddie—Esther Menzies Hax—Elsie Fisher Steinheimer—Daisy Masterman—Pierre Gaillard—Florence E. Bruning—Mabel Hanaway—Mary D. Jewett—"The Brownies"—Caroline F. Camp—Alice Karr—Florence L. Case—Lizzie Carman Webb—Madeleine Meeder—Sara Lawrence Kellogg—Thos. J. Durell—Eleanor K. Bowic—Beatrice Brown—Mabel, George, and Henri—John Egmont—Marjorie R. and Uncle Ted—"The Thayer Co."—M. W. J.—Edward H. Merritt—Julia and Marion Thomas—No name, St. Joseph, Mich.—Carrie A. Duke—Dorothy Kemp-Welch—Helen Dudley—Jessie Knickerbocker Angeil—Clara Drey Lauer and Co.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER were received, before August 15th, from B. Lockett, 1—L. Ring, 2—F. and A. Goldman, 3—Corinne Wendel, 8—A. Valentine, 1—Mary L. Logan, 2—G. Cookman, 2—Harriet Byers, 2—R. M. Harris, 1—J. Welles Baxter, 1—M. F. Crossman, 1—I. Dudley Dusenberry, 6—L. M. Lowrie, 1—B. Karelson, 1—Clara M. Penn, 3—C. F. Harding, 2—H. Valentine, 1—Howard J. Sachs, 2—F. Husted, 1—M. Harrison, 1—Katharine Baird, 2—"Kearsarge," 6—E. Foreney, 1—Elizabeth J. Crane, 3—M. Stranahan, 1—E. V. C. Jones, 1—C. Guild, Jr., 1—F. Foster, 1—M. C. Deutsch, 1—Kathleen Starrett, 2—E. P. Denny, 1—M. Davis, 1—A. Dickinson, 1—L. Hyer, 1—E. Wright, 1—R. A. Bliss, 1—Janet Townsend, 2—"Alli and Adi," 9—E. Patrick, 1—E. and H. Coster, 1—E. Belle Cone, 1—Everard P. Miller, Jr., 4—H. E. Bessel, 1—R. Marshall, 1—Florence and Edna, 9—Eibell Wood, 3—"Philos," 6—Helen E. Childs, 2—Howard Osgood, 2—Helen and Barto, 7—F. Evans, 1—"Mine Comes," 3—R. Auchincloss, 1—Emily S. Peck, 9—May Putnam, 6—Philip S. Beebe, 9—K. I. Taylor, 2—Lydia Richardson, 1—L. W. Dommerich, 4—Eibell Irene Snow, 7—"Punch and Judy," 8—Irene Kavin, 2—Lillie Rosenthal, 9—Agnes Ruth Lane, 8—Ethel and Edith Buchenberger, 8—Harold C. Stephens, 7—Henry Kent Heurt, 6—Agnes C. MacIndoe, 4—Thos. H. McKittrick, 3—Charles Stevens Crouse, 9—Oscar Doring, 6—Nessie and Freddie, 9—Jessie C. Chase, 2—F. E. B., 3—Nina Makellar, 1—Kate Dalwigh, 1—Emily Sibley, 3—Margaret A. Lewis, 5—V. Hatch, 1—Helen Tredway, 9.

### ANAGRAM.

FILL all the blanks with the same six letters, differently arranged.

Oh, refulgent moon! thou dost cause the waves of the  
\*\*\*\*\* to glisten like \*\*\*\*\* Thou \*\*\*\*\*  
the clouds with silver and dost \*\*\*\*\* our feelings in  
admiration, as we \*\*\*\*\* in vain for thy message  
through the \*\*\*\*\* night. ELLA H. COOPER.

### OVERLAPPING SQUARES.

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

1. PART of a cavalryman's equipment. 2. Part of a window. 3. (Six letters.) Joins. 4. To make a severe reply. 5. Roving. 6. That which props. 7.

A HARVEST PUZZLE. 1. Negro; 5. orange. 2. Rasp; 6. pears. 3. Pages; 7. Grapes. Added letters, ear.

**CONCEALED INSECTS.** First verse, ant, scale, walking-stick, gnat, flies. Second, wasp, glow-worm. Third, midge, dragon-fly. Fourth, chrysalis, firefly, earwig. Fifth and sixth, flea, mosquito, tumble-bug, hornet, humble-bee, grasshopper, praying-mantis, aphid. Seventh, termites, spider, weevil, caterpillar. Eighth and ninth, moth, locust, katydid, ladybird, butterfly, caddice, ant-lion, beetle, cicada. Tenth, roach, centipede, cricket.

**PRIMAL ACROSTIC.** Lincoln. 1. Lafayette. 2. Icarus. 3. Napoleon. 4. Cook. 5. Ontario. 6. Livingstone. 7. Nelson.

**WORD-SQUARE.** 1. Access. 2. Closet. 3. Cotter. 4. Estate. 5. Seethe. 6. Street.

(Four letters.) The upper part of a glacier. 8. A vegetable growth.

These words read the same across and up and down.

HARRIE A. BELL.

### HALF-SQUARE.

1. RELATING to our own country. 2. Relating to a country very near to us. 3. A banner. 4. To rule. 5. A useful metal. 6. To preserve. 7. A common article. 8. A letter.

LILLIE KNOLLENBERG (League Member).

### NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

I AM composed of thirty-seven letters and form a line from a translation of the Iliad.

My 3-31-1-20 is a measure. My 22-27-29 is to procure. My 34-21-33 is a personal pronoun. My 13-5-16-17-10-7-37 is a garden vegetable. My 28-26-35-24 is to converse. My 18-14-11-19-2 is a girl's name. My 9-8-36 is gave food to. My 32-23-30-4-12 are places where things are sold. My 15-6-25 is recompense.

FRED SWIGERT (10 years old).

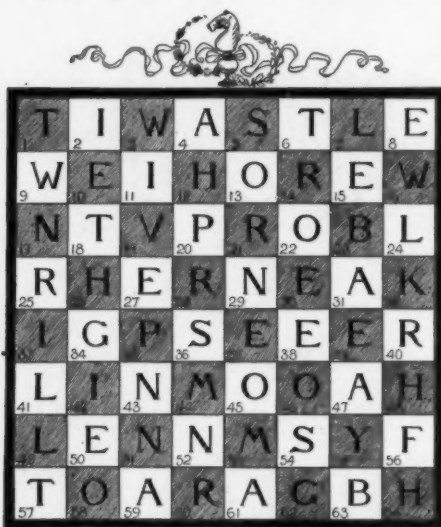
## CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, in the order here given, the central letters will give an important date in American history.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A sylvan goddess. 2. An equestrian. 3. The salted flesh of a pig. 4. Stones. 5. A juicy fruit. 6. A cross, ill-tempered woman. 7. An elf. 8. Birds which are the symbols of gentleness. 9. A young person.

MABEL CARR SAMUEL.



(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

A KNIGHT who was very fond of literature started one day for a tour upon his chess-board. This was lettered as shown in the above diagram. By starting at the right square, and following what is known in chess as the knight's move, the name of several prominent authors may be spelled. Where did the knight start? Where did he travel? Who were the authors? Use each of the sixty-four letters but once.

(If the knight started at 4, he could move to 10, 19, 21, or 14. If he started at 27 he could move to 17, 10, 12, 21, 37, 44, 42, or 33.)

ADOLPH KRAHE.

## CHARADE.

My first is drawn, but not by paint or lead;  
My second we mourn for when it is dead;  
My whole is in rolls, but not in bread.

LOUISA L. KOBBE (League Member).

## AMPUTATIONS.

WHEN the following words have been rightly guessed, each word may be beheaded and curtailed and a word will remain. EXAMPLE: g-rap-e.

When the following amputations have been rightly guessed, a four-line verse will be formed.

1. Amputate recognized and leave at this time. 2. Amputate an image and leave to perform. 3. Ampu-

tate tangles and leave a word used to express negation. 4. Amputate to mind and leave a common little verb. 5. Amputate a royal personage and leave not out. 6. Amputate to punish and leave hurry. 7. Amputate a minute particle and leave a preposition. 8. Amputate animals used for food and leave to achieve. 9. Amputate to aid and encourage and leave a common verb. 10. Amputate one who receives unlawful interest and leave positive. 11. Amputate inspired with dread and leave a pronoun. 12. Amputate twigs and leave to supplicate. 13. Amputate rolled in a circle and leave to develop. 14. Amputate resembling a peach and leave every. 15. Amputate certain weapons and leave what you now see. 16. Amputate to fasten and leave not out. 17. Amputate frightened and leave anxiety. 18. Amputate parts of the body and leave a conjunction. 19. Amputate a fur-bearing animal and leave within. 20. Amputate entanglements and leave a word used to express negation. 21. Amputate certain near relatives and leave not the same. 22. Amputate influences and leave method.

ADDIE S. COLLOM.

## CHARADE-COUPLETS.

EACH charade may be answered by the name of an author.

1. A kind of berry and a prickly spine.  
Make a writer of wonder-tales so fine.
2. A traveling conveyance, a kind of bread,  
Make one whose wonderland you have read.
3. A kind of a tree and a part of a bird  
Make one of whom we and the world have heard.
4. An emperor and a purpose fell  
Make one who of water-babies could tell.
5. An obstinate donkey, a tress of hair,  
Make one who wrote of a brownie rare.
6. A middle-sized pelt and a sort of fish  
Make one whose forest tales you wish.
7. A motherly fowl and a cup o' hot drink  
Make a writer that all boys love, I think.
8. A shoemaker's tool and a tiny dwelling  
Make one of whom all the girls are telling.
9. A kernel of grain and a meadow fair  
Make a poet whom parents and children share.
10. A sweetened roll, a relation old,  
Make him who wrote of a river of gold.

LIZZIE E. JOHNSON.

## WORD-SQUARE.

1. MATERIAL. 2. To come. 3. Useful to photographers. 4. To drink frequently. 5. To develop. 6. To buy back.

MARIE B. REICHENHART.

## DOUBLE DIAGONAL.

1 . . . 4  
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.  
.  
.  
.  
.  
.  
3 . . . 2

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Small flies. 2. To originate. 3. A common piece of furniture. 4. A scriptural name. 5. An ecclesiastical superior.

From 1 to 2 and from 3 to 4 each name a famous American. MARION E. MOREAU (League Member).







*"With the snow-white wings above them and the glory-streaming star."*  
*"THE SHEPHERDS IN JUDEA."*